STRIPPED BARE FOR THE MUMMY MONSTER

BY LUCILLE SIMMONS

Chapter 1

The sun beat down on Innesberg, a small American town, luring Richard Murphy and Virgil Starkweather to ditch their last class in pursuit of an activity more befitting horny boys in their late teens. Of the two, Richard was the one blessed with the good looks, his dark hair, green eyes and cute dimples marking him out as a future heart-throb by the time he hit his early 20s. Virgil wasn't so lucky, cursed with zits and straw-like hair, he had a reputation as an intimating, mean kid who few wanted anything to do with.

Sneaking into the girls' dormitory they met up with Bill Big, the Indian janitor at the college. Big Bill, a schemer with a wicked glint, led the way, his mind buzzing with sly amusement. *Let's give these idiots a show*, he thought, knowing that Crystal Blue was home. 'Big Chrissy' the college bimbo, always strutting around clueless. Bill thought nothing of exploiting her, seeing Crystal as a shallow show-off who invited attention.

"The girl she shares the room with is out, but Big Chrissy's home," he said, his voice thick with promise, a leery smirk tugging at his lips as he imagined the boys' reactions. Crystal, a college senior, had been the star of the boys' fantasies for months. Her braless silhouette in tight red tops, nipples teasing through the fabric, earned her the nickname "Big Chrissy" at college, coined by boys fixated on her ample chest, whispered in locker rooms and scrawled on bathroom stalls. Richard's crush was romantic, he loved her long, dark hair, her wholesome girl next door smile, and eyes that lived up to her name, though his fantasies often drifted to her body, her curves haunting his thoughts. It was her body he was here to see today, as Virgil put it this was *'boner time'*. Virgil was consumed by a dark obsession, his mind a cesspool of

crude fantasies about “Big Chrissy.” He’d watched her for a while—her confident struts through town, her careless sway in tight clothes—calling her a slut under his breath, his thoughts festering with images of her body, her reputation as the college’s provocateur fueling his fixation. *That tease, always flaunting it*, he’d think, replaying every glimpse of her curves in his mind, his obsession growing with every smirk she tossed at the world. When they found out that Big Bill had drilled a peephole in the wall of Crystal's room at the college, and was charging ten dollars to watch her naked, Richard and Virgil just couldn't resist the chance to look at what all the guys had been talking about. From an unused adjoining room Richard, Virgil and Big Bill could hear the throbbing of raw rock music—screaming guitars and pounding drums blasting from Crystal’s room. Bill hustled them toward a cramped closet in the unused room, the air heavy with old coats and electric anticipation.

“Ten dollars each,” he demanded, palm out, thinking, *So easy to milk these white fools*. Richard and Virgil, pulses racing, handed over the cash. Bill shoved them into the closet and pointed to a jagged peephole in the wall, barely a dime’s size. *Let’s see how they drool over Big Chrissy* he thought, amused by their predictable lust.
“Richard, you first.”
Richard pressed his eye to the hole, his breath catching. Crystal’s room glowed with golden afternoon light, posters of Rod Stewart and Scott Baio plastered on the walls, their sultry gazes framing a full-length mirror that reflected her every move. She put 'Da Ya Think I'm Sexy' on the turnstile. The music drove her, her eyes locked on her own reflection as she danced, wearing a skintight top, trousers hugging her curves, and red panties beneath. *God, I love this*, Crystal thought, her

hips swaying, slow and sensual, each motion a release. *No one's here, just me, free to go wild*. She reveled in the privacy, the thrill of shedding her clothes to the music's pulse. *Yeah, they call me Big Chrissy at college, and I know why,* she mused, a sly grin forming as she thought of her braless runs down the corridors, her breasts bouncing freely, driving the jocks wild with every jiggle. *I love how they stare, their eyes glued to my chest*. She relished the "accidental" brushes in crowded hallways, their bodies grazing her breasts, the fleeting thrill of contact. A recent memory sparked—some cocky jock had copped a feel, his hand lingering just a second too long, the boldness of it sending a shiver through her. *God, that turned me on*, she thought, her body tingling at the recollection. *What if my roommate came home early and caught me dancing sexy, all naked?,* a rebellious thrill igniting her. Her gaze flicked to the posters, Rod and Scott's smoldering eyes seeming to come alive. *You're watching me, aren't you?* she thought, a playful smirk crossing her lips. *You'd lose it, seeing me bare, begging for more of this show.* She imagined them leaning closer, their poster-perfect faces flushed with desire, whispering her name, urging her on, their approval fueling her confidence.

"Holy shit," Richard whispered, barely audible, as the song hit a wild crescendo. She peeled off her top, revealing full, bare breasts that gleamed in the light. *Look at these tits, they're great*, Crystal thought, admiring herself in the mirror, her confidence soaring. Her nipples hardened, a rush of arousal tingling through her as she closed her eyes, her hands running over her chest, fondling herself with slow, deliberate ease, her fingers circling her sensitive peaks. *Those jock hands, so big, grabbing me like that*, she thought, imagining the jock's rough grip mauling her breasts, the memory of his touch igniting her desire.

Richard's mind reeled, his heart pounding. *Damnit, her boobs are so perfect*, he thought, mesmerized by their fullness, their soft glow in the light. He imagined kissing them, his lips brushing their warm curves, licking her hardened nipples, tasting her skin as she sighed beneath him, the fantasy blending his romantic longing with raw desire. *God, I wish I was alone right now*, he thought, his body aching to strip off and masturbate to this sight, knowing this image—*my Big Chrissy, nude*—would fuel his fantasies for countless nights, his hand revisiting this moment over and over. His memory flashed to that one time he'd caught a glimpse up her skirt, a fleeting peek at her panties on the bleachers, but this was a revelation for just ten dollars. His romantic dreams—holding her, kissing her, feeling her body in a passionate, loving embrace—surged, but a new thought crept in: what would she do if she knew they were watching? Would she be angry, her eyes flashing with fury, or turned on, her bold spirit thrilled by an audience? His jeans tightening painfully, his head spinning with longing and curiosity.

"Move it!" Virgil snapped, impatience flaring as he yanked Richard back by the arm, his obsession with Crystal making him desperate to see her. Richard stumbled, face flushed, his heart tangled in visions of Crystal's perfect breasts and the question of her reaction. Virgil, sneering, took the peephole, his crude thoughts about "Big Chrissy" erupting like a wildfire. *Look at her, the filthy tease*, he thought, *strutting like the slut she is*. Her nickname was proof of her provocative allure, and this moment was the culmination of his fixation—every time he'd watched her sway through town, every crude fantasy he'd nursed in the dark, every hissed "tramp" under his breath as he imagined her body. *Flaunting those tits, begging for eyes on her, dirty tramp*, he sneered

inwardly, his obsession pulsing with every move she made. She was still dancing, eyes fixed on her reflection, unaware, her movements charged with bold, defiant joy as she unbuttoned her trousers, sliding them down her thighs to reveal red panties. *Yeah, shake it, you little minx,* Virgil thought, his pulse hammering in his ears. Crystal, turning in the mirror, admired her reflection. *Damn, my ass looks great*, she thought, a surge of pride in her pert, perfect curves, her confidence fueling her dance. *Look at that ass, so pert, so perfect*, Virgil thought, stunned, agreeing with her silent pride. *Always wanted to see Big Chrissy's tits, but never noticed that ass before—damn, she's such a slut, acting like this*. Big Bill, leaning against the closet wall, smirked, thinking, God, these guys are losing it over that bimbo. Too easy.

Keep going, you filthy vixen, Virgil thought, his mind a storm of crude fantasies, his fixation on Crystal consuming every thought. The panties hit the floor, and Virgil's mind exploded. Crystal, fully naked, moved with uninhibited freedom, her ass swaying to the beat, every curve catching the light as she turned, her reflection revealing her hairy pussy. *Goddamn, look at that cunt,* Virgil thought, the crude word sending a jolt of dark thrill through him, its disrespectfulness amplifying his arousal. *That slut's showing off her cunt like a dirty whore*, he sneered inwardly, his obsession spiking as he imagined himself closer, his face buried between her thighs, tasting her slick heat, his tongue lapping at her sensitive folds, her moans fueling his dominance. His fantasy darkened further, picturing himself at her doorstep, an evil grin splitting his face. "Hi, Big Chrissy, I'm gonna be your next boyfriend," he'd say, his voice dripping with menace, threatening to spill her striptease secret to everyone unless she complied. He imagined Crystal in her room, her eyes wide with fear as she performed a slow, sexy

striptease just for him, her top peeling off to reveal those full, perfect breasts, her trousers sliding down to expose her curves, her panties dropping to bare her cunt again. *God, it'd be so good to grab those tits, squeeze them, feel them spill over my hands*, he thought, picturing his fingers digging into her soft flesh, her nipples hardening under his rough touch. He'd order her to the floor, his for the taking. He fantasized about thrusting his penis inside her, the tight heat of her body gripping him, his hips slamming against her as he took her roughly, her moans a mix of protest and surrender. *She'd love it, the filthy skank, giving it up for me*, he thought, the power fantasy sending a surge of heat through him, his erection throbbing with the imagined conquest. The sight of her naked body, her uninhibited dance, fed his dark obsession, his breath ragged, his body reacting with a primal thrill. *She's loving this, the dirty skank, showing off like that*, he thought, savoring the secret violation of her privacy, her actions cementing his crude view of her. The music softened, and Crystal paused, stretching languidly, her naked form glowing in the mirror, a faint smile lingering as if satisfied with her reflection. *I love this body*, she thought, her eyes flicking to the posters. *You're watching me, begging for more*, she fantasized, imagining their jaws dropping, their eyes burning with lust, whispering her name in awe as she moved. Her arousal surged, overriding her earlier caution. *Screw it, I need this*, she thought, her hand sliding down her body, fingers slipping between her thighs. She touched herself with slow, deliberate strokes, her breath hitching as her fingers explored her slick, sensitive folds, circling her clit with practiced ease. Her body trembled, a flush spreading across her skin as waves of pleasure pulsed through her, her hips rocking against her hand, her reflection in the mirror a vision of raw, uninhibited desire.

Her fingers moved faster, dipping deeper, her moans soft but audible as she chased the edge of ecstasy, her mind swirling with fantasies. She pictured Rod and Scott, their poster gazes turning hungry, urging her on, their voices in her mind cheering her boldness, making her feel powerful, untouchable, a goddess commanding their desire. Virgil still at the peephole, felt his chest seize, his eyes nearly popping from his skull, a scorching rush of adrenaline and lust flooding his veins like wildfire. *Look at that whore, that filthy slut, fingering herself like a goddamn porn star*, he thought, his excitement spiking to a fever pitch, his heart slamming against his ribs so hard he feared it might burst. *Knew she was a dirty skank, getting off like a shameless whore, loving every second of it*, he sneered inwardly, his body trembling uncontrollably, his erection straining painfully against his jeans, a bead of sweat trickling down his temple as he gripped the wall to steady himself. His obsession with "Big Chrissy" had never felt so validated—every crude fantasy, every time he'd called her a tramp, minx, skank, vixen, whore, slut in his mind, every moment he'd watched her strut and imagined her like this, now exploded into reality before him. His thoughts spiraled, a vicious chant of *she's mine to watch, the filthy slut, giving me everything I knew she was*, his fixation burning hotter than ever, a dark, possessive thrill consuming him as he memorized every twitch of her body, every moan, every shudder, his mind replaying her every move like a loop he'd never escape. Crystal stopped short, her hand pausing as the song faded, a flicker of worry crossing her mind. *Gotta stop, someone might come*, she thought, retrieving her red panties, trousers, and top, slipping them back on with slow, deliberate care, her eyes still fixed on the mirror, her movements laced with lingering confidence.

Back to reality, she thought, adjusting her top, the fabric clinging to her curves. Bill shoved them out of the closet, his laughter low and smug, thinking, *Look at these idiots, drooling over Big Chrissy like she's some goddess. Pathetic*.

"Worth every dollar, huh?" he teased, pocketing the cash "bring me some beer afterwards as well, you know where to find me".

Richard and Virgil stumbled away, faces red, pulses racing. Richard's mind lingered on Crystal—his romantic fantasy of loving her, now sharper and more torturous after seeing "*my Big Chrissy*" her perfect breasts a vision beyond the college's crude nickname, all for ten dollars. He couldn't shake the thought of kissing and licking them, or the certainty that this moment would fuel his private fantasies for years, his hand revisiting her nude image countless times. *Would she rage if she knew, or would her bold spirit revel in it?* Virgil still buzzing with crude satisfaction, muttered something nasty under his breath, his thoughts a jumble of slut, tease, minx, skank, whore, his body still thrumming with the raw, visceral high of what he'd witnessed, his obsession with Crystal —her cunt, her striptease, his twisted fantasies of control—now an inferno that would haunt him for days. They didn't speak of it after, but the memory burned bright, a forbidden thrill etched into their minds, each in their own way.

Chapter 2

The night air was heavy, the suburban quiet broken only by the occasional hum of a passing car. Richard lay sprawled across his bed, the room dark save for the faint glow of a streetlight filtering through the blinds. His heart still raced from the afternoon, the stolen glimpse of Crystal—*his Big Chrissy*—etched into his mind like a brand. He kicked off his sneakers, his body restless, his skin prickling with the memory of her curves, her uninhibited dance, her bare skin glowing in the golden light of her room. The image of her peeling off her red top, her full breasts bouncing free, refused to fade. *God, she was perfect*, he thought, his breath catching as he replayed the scene for the hundredth time since stumbling out of the closet. He tugged off his shirt, the fabric clinging to his sweat-dampened skin, and shucked his jeans, leaving them in a heap on the floor. His boxers followed, and he lay back naked, the cool sheets a stark contrast to the heat coursing through him. His body ached with need, the memory of Crystal's striptease a vivid loop in his mind. *Big Chrissy, my Big Chrissy,* he thought, his romantic longing tangled with raw desire, the nickname both a college taunt and a private reverence in his mind. As his hand closed around himself, he let the memory deepen, but a new fantasy took hold, one that sent a shiver of excitement through him. *What if she knew I was there?* he wondered, his mind spinning with the possibility. He imagined Crystal pausing mid-dance, her lips curling into that sly, defiant grin she wore when she ran braless down the school corridors, her eyes flicking toward the peephole as if she could see him. *She'd know it was me, Richard, watching her, wanting her,* he thought, his grip tightening, his breath hitching. In his fantasy, Crystal's movements became deliberate, her hips rolling slower, more teasingly,

as she locked eyes with the invisible hole in the wall. *She's stripping for me, just for me,* he imagined, picturing her peeling off her top with a knowing smirk, her breasts bouncing free, her nipples hardening as if beckoning him. *She'd love it, knowing I'm losing my mind over her,* he thought, his hand moving faster, the fantasy fueled by her rebellious spirit, the way she owned her "Big Chrissy" reputation to defy everyone who judged her. He pictured her turning to face the peephole, her hands cupping her breasts, fondling them slowly, her fingers circling her nipples as she stared right at him, her gaze bold and unapologetic. *"You like this, Richard?"* he imagined her whispering, her voice low and sultry, her rebellion now a performance for his eyes alone. The thought of her awareness, her deliberate provocation, sent a surge of heat through him, her movements a calculated tease meant to drive him wild. *She's doing this for me, showing me she's untamed, unstoppable,* he thought, his hand moving with urgent rhythm, his body arching off the bed as the fantasy consumed him. The memory of her real dance blended with the fantasy—her actual pride in her body, her "great" breasts and "pert" ass, her confidence as she admired herself in the mirror. He thought of her motivations, how maybe she danced to reject the rules of strict parents and a judgmental town, how she turned the "Big Chrissy" nickname into a weapon of empowerment, how she relished the stares, all because she controlled the narrative. *She'd want me to see her like this, to know I'm hers,* he thought, imagining her winking at the peephole, a deliberate invitation to his longing. His romantic dreams—kissing her, holding her, loving her—merged with raw desire, picturing himself not just watching but joining her, his lips on her breasts, kissing and licking her hardened nipples, tasting the warmth of her skin as she sighed his name, her rebellious spirit

welcoming his adoration. His body tensing as the fantasy pushed him to the edge. He imagined Crystal pausing her dance, her eyes burning with that defiant fire as she whispered, “This is for you, Richard” her rebellion now a gift, her performance a way to claim him as much as he claimed her in his mind. The thought of her knowing, of her stripping deliberately for him, her body a defiant celebration of her power, sent him over the edge. His breath came in ragged bursts, his hand frantic as he surrendered to the image of her naked form, her swaying hips, her glistening skin, her eyes locked on his through the peephole. His release hit hard, a wave of pleasure that left him trembling, his mind still locked on Crystal Blue—*my Big Chrissy*—her striptease now a private show in his memory, one he’d revisit countless times, each stroke fueled by the fantasy that she’d wanted him to see her, to desire her, to be part of her rebellion. As his breathing slowed, Richard lay back, the afterglow tinged with a mix of longing and guilt. He thought of the real Crystal, unaware of the peephole, unaware of him, Virgil, and Big Bill's betrayal. *Would she be angry if she knew, or would she love it?* he wondered, the question haunting him as it had in the closet. Her rebellious spirit, her need to defy and control, made him believe she might revel in the idea of an audience, turning even his secret gaze into another victory for her untamed heart. But the thought of Virgil’s crude obsession soured the moment. Richard's romantic longing set him apart from Virgil’s dark fixation, the way he’d sneering refer to her as a slut and whore, even before he'd learned of the peephole. His hateful banter about imagining her on all fours, of his hands rough on her body. Richard wanted to love her, to worship her, not demean her. The memory of creepy Big Bill, laughing as he pocketed their cash, only deepened his unease. *They don’t get her, not like I do*, he thought, his heart aching

for the girl who danced like no one could cage her. He pulled the sheet over himself, the memory of Crystal's striptease still vivid, now layered with his fantasy of her knowing, of her choosing him. *I'll see her at college tomorrow, maybe,* he thought, picturing her strutting through school, her top clinging to her curves, her smirk daring the world to judge her. He'd carry this secret, this stolen glimpse, and the imagined connection forever, his hand already itching to revisit the memory again, to lose himself in the vision of Crystal —rebellious, radiant, and his.

Chapter 3

The morning sun filtered through the kitchen curtains, casting a warm glow over the Formica table where Richard's parents, Abraham and Drucilla, sat with their usual breakfast spread—burnt toast, watery coffee, and a bowl of soggy cereal. Richard trudged downstairs, still groggy from a night spent replaying Crystal's striptease in his mind, his body tingling with the memory of her naked dance, her full breasts, her pert ass, and the fantasy that she'd been stripping just for him. His heart skipped as he reached the bottom step, freezing in the doorway. There, at the table, sat Crystal Blue—Big Chrissy—sipping orange juice, her red top clinging to her curves, a short skirt riding up her thighs. His stomach dropped, panic seizing him. *Oh God, she knows*, he thought, his face flushing hot. *She knows I was behind the peephole. They all know my shameful secret*. His throat tightened, tears pricking his eyes as he braced for the inevitable lecture, his parents' disappointment, Crystal's rage—or worse, her disgust. He opened his mouth, ready to stammer excuses, when Abraham's voice cut through, calm and oblivious.

"Richard, come sit. This is Crystal Blue. Your mom and I are heading out of town for a few days—business conference in Cleveland. Crystal's gonna stay here, keep an eye on you." Abraham's tone was matter-of-fact, but his eyes lingered on Crystal, a flicker of something hungry in his gaze. Richard blinked, the panic dissolving into a rush of disbelief and secret elation. *Babysitter? Big Chrissy? Here?* Under normal circumstances, he'd have bristled at the idea—seventeen, nearly a man, needing a babysitter was insulting. But this was Crystal, the girl who haunted his dreams, whose naked body he'd memorized, whose

rebellious spirit made his heart race. *Alone with her for days*? he thought, his pulse quickening, a grin tugging at his lips. *This is too good to be true.* Drucilla, her buck teeth jutting as she sipped her coffee, adjusted her horn-rimmed glasses and nodded absently, unaware of the tension. Abraham, however, stole another glance at Crystal, his mind wandering. *Damn, she's a knockout*, he thought, picturing her curves under that tight top, a stark contrast to Drucilla, whose faded beauty—once vibrant—now made his stomach churn. *Those teeth, those glasses… I can barely look at Drucilla without gagging in my own mouth*, he thought, suppressing a grimace. He envied Richard, hoping his son would seize the chance to get close to Crystal—maybe more than close. *Kid's got a shot with a girl like that*, Abraham mused, relieved. *I was starting to worry he might be a fag, but he's got eyes for her, no doubt*. The thought of Richard and Crystal together stirred a mix of pride and jealousy; Abraham wouldn't mind a taste of "Big Chrissy" himself, her confidence and allure a far cry from his wife's dowdy presence. Richard slid into the chair across from Crystal, his hands shaky as he grabbed a spoonful of cereal. "Hey, Crystal" he managed, his voice cracking slightly. She flashed that sly, defiant grin—the one that drove the jocks wild, the one that fueled her "Big Chrissy" reputation—and leaned forward, her top straining against her braless chest. "Hey, Richard," she said, her tone playful, her eyes glinting with that rebellious spark. *She's gotta know*, he thought, his heart pounding, but her casual demeanor gave nothing away. *Or maybe she's just being her, teasing the world like always.* They started chatting—college, music, the usual small talk—but Richard's mind was elsewhere, replaying her striptease, her hands on her breasts. *She's so close, right here*, he thought, his body stirring. His spoon slipped from his fingers,

clattering to the floor. “Oops,” he mumbled, diving under the table to retrieve it, his heart racing as he saw his chance. Kneeling beneath the table, he glanced up, his eyes drawn to Crystal’s skirt, hiked up just enough to reveal a glimpse of panties hugging her thighs. *Yellow ones today,* he noted, a jolt of arousal hitting him, his breath catching. *God, it’s so sexy*, he thought, his jeans tightening.

He lingered a second too long, his fingers fumbling for the spoon, his eyes locked on the thin fabric, imagining what lay beneath. Abraham caught the movement, his eyes narrowing as he saw Richard’s head linger under the table. *Kid’s got guts*, he thought, a smirk tugging at his lips. He said nothing, his silence a tacit approval. *Go for it, son,* he thought, his own mind wandering to Crystal's curves, her confidence, the way she carried herself like she owned the room. *If I were younger, I’d be all over her,* he admitted to himself, a pang of regret for his own faded marriage. Drucilla, oblivious, prattled on about the conference schedule, her voice grating to Abraham’s ears. Richard resurfaced, spoon in hand, his face flushed, avoiding Crystal's gaze. She raised an eyebrow, a knowing glint in her eye, but said nothing, her rebellious spirit thriving on the possibility that she’d caught him looking, that she held the power to unsettle him.

“So, Crystal,” Richard said, clearing his throat, desperate to keep the conversation going, to keep her attention. “You, uh, like staying here?” She leaned back, her skirt shifting slightly, her grin widening. “Sure, it’ll be fun,” she said, her tone teasing, as if she knew the effect she had on him. *She’s gotta be doing this on purpose*, Richard thought, his mind flashing back to his fantasy from last night—Crystal stripping for him, knowing he was behind the peephole, her eyes locked on his, her body a deliberate invitation. *Maybe she’d like it, knowing I saw her*, he

thought, the idea fueling his excitement, his body buzzing with the prospect of days alone with her. As Abraham and Drucilla cleared the table, preparing to leave, Richard's mind raced. *Days with Big Chrissy, just us,* he thought, his heart soaring. He'd keep his secret—his peeping, his shameful fantasies—locked tight, but the chance to be near her, to maybe catch another glimpse, to maybe win her over with his awkward charm, was a dream come true. Abraham clapped him on the shoulder, his eyes saying what his words didn't: *Make me proud, kid.*

Crystal, meanwhile, sipped her juice, her gaze flicking to Richard, her rebellious spirit simmering, ready to push boundaries in her own way, unaware of the peephole but all too aware of the power she held over the room.

Chapter 4

Richard paced his room, the weekend stretching endlessly before him like a prison sentence. His parents, Abraham and Drucilla, were set to leave Monday morning for their Cleveland conference, and with their departure, Crystal Blue—Big Chrissy—would arrive to babysit him. The thought sent a thrill through his chest, his mind racing with images of her red top clinging to her braless curves, her sly grin, the yellow panties he'd glimpsed under her skirt at breakfast*. Just me and her, alone,* he thought, his heart pounding. Monday couldn't come fast enough.

Big Chrissy, here, in my house, he thought, his body stirring at the prospect. Downstairs, raised voices shattered the quiet. Richard crept to the landing, eavesdropping as Abraham and Drucilla argued in the kitchen.

"She's a cheap whore, Abraham!" Drucilla snapped, her voice sharp with disdain. "That Crystal Blue, strutting around like some floozy, no bra, tight clothes—everyone talks about her! She's not fit to watch our son!"

Richard's stomach twisted, anger flaring. *How dare she talk about Crystal like that?* he thought, his fists clenching. *Crystal's rebellious spirit—her defiance of the town's judgment, her embrace of her "Big Chrissy" nickname—was what made her magnetic*. Drucilla's words felt like a betrayal, a small-minded attack on the girl who owned every room she entered. Abraham's voice boomed back, exasperated.

"You're just jealous, Drucilla, and crazy to boot! Crystal's a fine girl, just modern. All the young girls these days are burning their bras, showing off, hell, half of 'em are in porno movies! She's no different, and Richard's lucky to have her around."

Richard's heart lifted at his father's defense, though he caught the hungry edge in Abraham's tone, the same one he'd noticed at breakfast when Abraham's eyes lingered on Crystal's curves. *He wants her too*,

Richard thought, a mix of pride and unease stirring. Abraham's attraction to Crystal, his silent approval of Richard's interest, was a strange bond between them, but Richard's feelings ran deeper—romantic, reverent, not just lust. Drucilla's protests continued, her buck teeth clicking as she spoke, her horn-rimmed glasses glinting in Richard's memory like a caricature of disapproval. *If Mom gets her way and stops Crystal from coming, I'll never forgive her*, he vowed, his loyalty to Crystal fierce, her rebellious allure a beacon against his mother's judgment.

Later, Richard sank into the bathtub, the warm water enveloping him, steam curling around his face. His mind drifted back to Crystal, and a new thought struck him: *In a few days, she'll be here, using this same tub.* The idea sent a jolt through him, his body tensing with anticipation. He knew he'd never get away with watching her bathe—there was no secret vantage point here—but the fantasy took hold, vivid and consuming. He pictured Crystal standing in the bathroom, not performing the sultry striptease he'd witnessed in her room, but undressing with a matter-of-fact ease, her movements practical yet still electrifying. He imagined her peeling off her top, her breasts spilling free, no longer swaying to music but simply bare, her nipples hardening in the cool air. Her skirt would drop, revealing yellow panties—like this morning—then those would slide down her thighs, her body revealed in the soft bathroom light, her hairy pussy catching his imagined gaze. He pictured her stepping into the tub, the warm water lapping at her skin, covering her curves as she settled in, her breasts floating slightly, her pert ass submerged. The image shifted, and he imagined her opening her legs in the bath, the water parting to reveal her genitals, her vaginal lips visible—pink, delicate, the one part of her he hadn't seen through the peephole. He envisioned her washing herself, her hand moving between her thighs, fingers brushing over her lips, cleaning with slow, deliberate strokes, the act intimate yet routine, her rebellious confidence still present in the way she owned her body even in private.

What would it be like to be inside her? he wondered, his hand slipping beneath the water, closing around himself as the fantasy deepened. He imagined his penis entering her, the tight, warm heat of her vaginal lips gripping him, her body yielding to his touch, her moans soft but deliberate, as if she were inviting him into her world of defiance. *She'd want me, like she wanted me in my fantasy, stripping for me, knowing I was there,* he thought, his strokes quickening, the memory of her striptease blending with this new vision—her naked in the bath, her legs spread, her eyes maybe catching his in some impossible way, her rebellious spirit welcoming his desire. His breath came faster, the water sloshing as he moved, the fantasy consuming him. *Big Chrissy, here, in my house, in my bath,* he thought, his mind replaying her mirror-gazing confidence, her pride in her "great" breasts and "pert" ass, her defiance of her parents, her town, her nickname. He thought of her motivations—her need to reject the rules, to wield her sexuality as power, to thrill in the danger of being caught. *She'd love knowing I'm thinking of her like this*, he imagined, his body tensing as he pictured her vaginal lips, the warm water, the intimate act of her bathing. The thought of Virgil's crude comments— calling her "slut" and "whore"—flashed through his mind, a dark contrast to his own longing. *He doesn't get her, not like I do,* Richard thought, his romantic reverence for Crystal setting him apart, making him more noble. As his release came, a shuddering wave of pleasure, Richard sank deeper into the tub, the water cooling around him. Monday loomed like a promise, a chance to be alone with Crystal, to maybe catch another glimpse of her fire, her rebellion. *She'll be here, in this house, maybe in this bath*, he thought, his heart racing with anticipation. He'd keep his secret—his peeping, his fantasies—locked tight, but the possibility of being near her, of maybe winning a smile or a moment, was enough to make the weekend's wait bearable. *Let Mom argue all she wants*, he thought, his resolve hardening. *Crystal's coming, and I'll make the most of it.*

Chapter 5

Monday morning arrived with a burst of sunlight, the air buzzing with promise as Richard hovered near the front door, his heart racing. Today was the day—Crystal Blue, Big Chrissy, would step into his house, his world, as his babysitter. The weekend had been torture, his mother's harsh words—calling Crystal a "cheap whore"—echoing in his mind, fueling his resentment. *She doesn't get her*, he thought, her rebellious spirit a beacon against Drucilla's judgment. The sound of a car pulling up snapped him out of his thoughts. Through the window, he saw Crystal step out, her cut-off jeans hugging her thighs, frayed edges teasing her skin, and a halter top barely containing her braless curves, her nipples faintly visible through the thin fabric. His breath caught, the memory of her striptease flooding back with vivid intensity. Drucilla, standing at the kitchen counter, pursed her lips, her buck teeth jutting as she adjusted her horn-rimmed glasses.

"That girl," she muttered, her voice dripping with disapproval, "dressed like she's on her way to a bar." Abraham, packing his briefcase, shot a glance at Crystal through the window, a subtle smirk betraying his approval. *Damn, she's something*, he thought, his eyes lingering on her exposed midriff, her confident strut. He envied Richard, wishing he could trade places, stay behind with this firecracker of a girl while Drucilla went to Cleveland.

Kid's got all the luck, Abraham mused, his attraction to Crystal a quiet rebellion against his faded marriage. Richard caught his father's look and giggled inwardly. *Tough luck, Dad, it's my turn to sit in the easy chair now,* he thought, a mix of triumph and defiance swelling in his chest. Crystal was his fantasy, not his father's. The doorbell chimed, and Richard opened it, his pulse hammering. Crystal stood there, her sly

grin as bold as ever, her halter top shifting as she adjusted her suitcase. "Hey, Richard," she said, her voice warm but teasing, that rebellious glint in her eye. Drucilla forced a tight smile, but Crystal's presence seemed to shrink her.

"We're counting on you, Crystal" Abraham said, his tone overly warm, his eyes betraying his thoughts. Crystal nodded, unfazed.

"We'll get along fine, Richard. Just think of me as your big sister," she said, glancing at Drucilla with a knowing look.

Richard's heart sank at the words—*big sister*? That was the last thing he wanted. *She's just saying that to calm Mom down*, he thought, hoping her rebellious spirit meant she saw him as more than a kid. *She's gotta know the effect she has on me.*

Abraham and Drucilla grabbed their bags, their departure a blur of instructions and goodbyes. As the car pulled away, Richard felt a rush of freedom. *Just me and Crystal now*. He offered to carry her suitcase upstairs, his hands trembling as he followed her to the guest room. She tossed her bag on the bed, unzipping it with casual ease, pulling out clothes to hang in the wardrobe. Richard hovered, pretending to help, his eyes catching a glimpse of lacy underwear—black, red, sheer fabrics that screamed her bold sensuality. His fingers brushed against a pair of red lacy panties, the texture soft and intimate, and his mind raced. His thoughts flashed to the underwear section of clothing catalogs he'd snuck looks at as a kid, the models posed in bras and panties, their bodies teasing through the fabric. *Sometimes, if you looked close, you could see their nipples through the bras, their pubic hair through the panties,* he thought, his heart pounding. The memory amplified his arousal, the lacy fabric in his hand a bridge to those forbidden images. *Crystal's body has been in these*, he imagined, picturing her buttocks

pressing against the lace, her pubic hair brushing the delicate fabric. He envisioned her nipples faintly visible through a sheer bra, her pubic hair a shadow through these panties, the intimacy of it sending a jolt of arousal through him, his jeans tightening as he imagined her curves filling them, her rebellious confidence making even her underwear a statement of defiance. Crystal, oblivious, hung up a dress, her halter top riding up to reveal a sliver of her midriff.
“Thanks for the help,” she said, her grin playful, unaware of the storm in Richard's mind.

Downstairs in the kitchen, she rummaged through the pantry, pulling out bread and peanut butter. “Gotta keep you fed,” she teased, spreading the peanut butter with a flourish, her movements casual yet magnetic.
“So, Richard, what do you like to do?” she asked, leaning against the counter, her cut-off jeans accentuating her legs. He swallowed, trying to focus.
“Uh, basketball in the backyard, going to the drive-in cinema, watching late-night TV,” he said, then added, “but my parents hardly let me stay up, especially for scary movies. They think I’ll get nightmares.”
Crystal's eyes lit up, that rebellious spark flaring. “Screw that,” she said, laughing. “We’re watching TV tonight. ‘Count Freakazoid’ is on—best late-night horror host going. You in?”
Richard grinned, her defiance infectious. *She’s nothing like Mom*, he thought, thrilled at the prospect of breaking rules with her. They headed to the backyard, basketball in hand. The sun beat down, and Richard’s heart raced as they played one-on-one, her body brushing against his in close contact—her arm grazing his, her hip bumping his as

she stole the ball. Her breasts bounced freely under the halter top, the fabric straining with every move, her nipples teasing through the thin material. *God, she's incredible,* he thought, his arousal spiking, the physical closeness electrifying. He remembered her striptease, her naked body swaying, but this—her real, warm presence, her laughter, her competitive grin—was almost too much. *She's so alive, so untamed,* he thought, her rebellious spirit making every bounce, every brush, a thrill he couldn't ignore. He missed a shot, distracted by her curves, and she laughed, tossing the ball back.

"Keep up, Richard" she teased, her voice a challenge, her eyes daring him to match her energy. As they played, Richard's mind wandered to the night ahead—late-night TV, just the two of them, her defiance against his parents' rules a shared rebellion. *She's here, with me,* he thought, his body buzzing with anticipation. The weekend was over, his parents were gone, and Crystal was his for these few days—a dream he'd hold onto, lacy underwear and bouncing breasts etched into his memory forever.

Chapter 6

The living room glowed with the dim flicker of the old TV, casting shadows across the walls as Richard and Crystal settled in for the night. Crystal sprawled on the couch, her cut-off jeans riding up her thighs, her halter top clinging to her braless curves, the faint outline of her nipples teasing through the thin fabric. Richard sat stiffly in a separate chair, his heart racing, barely registering the black-and-white cowboy show blaring on the screen—a dusty tale of gunslingers and saloons. His eyes kept drifting to Crystal. *She's right there, so close,* he thought, stealing glances, his body stirring. Crystal, meanwhile, was hooked on the show, her knees crossed, arms wrapped around herself as she leaned forward, eyes locked on the rugged lead actor, his Stetson tilted, his jaw chiseled. *God, he's hot*, she thought, her pulse quickening despite knowing the actor was probably old enough to be her grandfather now. Richard caught the movement, his breath hitching, but he snapped his eyes back to the TV before she could catch him staring. Trying to break the tension, he blurted, "You like this show, Crystal?"

She shrugged, her hand dropping casually, her voice cool but her eyes glinting with that defiant spark. "It's alright," she lied, not wanting to admit how the actor's rugged charm had her hooked. "What about you? Ready for Count Freakazoid?"

Richard grinned, seizing the chance to keep her talking. "Yeah, he's awesome. Way better than this cowboy stuff." He hesitated, then added, "Can't wait to stay up late, Big Chrissy."

The nickname slipped out, and he froze, his face flushing. *Oh no, she'll know I know.* Crystal's eyebrows shot up, a teasing smirk curling her lips. "Big Chrissy, huh? So you know about that nickname?" she said, leaning forward, her halter top shifting, her breasts swaying slightly. "Guess you're not as innocent as you look, Richard."

She laughed, her tone playful but edged with her rebellious confidence.

“My tits seemed to grow overnight, you know? One day I’m just Chrissy, the next, boom—every girl in school’s jealous, whispering behind my back, and every guy suddenly wants to get real friendly.” She leaned back, crossing her arms under her chest, emphasizing her curves. *Let him squirm*, she thought, her rebellion thriving on the power she held over him, knowing he was another boy caught in her orbit.
Richard’s heart pounded, his mind screaming, *God, I want to get friendly with her too.* He imagined himself close to her, his hands on her, his lips on her breasts, joining her rebellion, not like Virgil with his crude fantasies. I’d worship her, not own her, he thought, his arousal mixing with his romantic longing. Crystal watched him, her gaze softening slightly. *He’s cute*, she thought, all nervous and starry-eyed. *Bet he dreams of losing his virginity to his babysitter, like every guy does*. But she dismissed the idea—he was so young, probably still believing in Santa Claus or that wrestling was real, too innocent for her world of defiance and desire.
The TV flickered, and “Count Freakazoid” appeared, his blue makeup and widow’s peak making him a campy Dracula knockoff.
Crystal laughed, nudging Richard. “This guy’s probably just the local weatherman, hamming it up to pay his bar tab,” she said, her tone dripping with her usual rebellion against anything fake. “Come sit on the couch, Richard. I won’t bite.” She patted the cushion beside her, her grin daring him to join her. Richard’s heart leapt, and he scrambled over, sitting close enough to feel the warmth of her body, her scent—something wild and free—making his head spin. As they settled in, Crystal leaned back, her legs still crossed.
“You know, the problem with watching horror movies on TV? They cut out all the good stuff—bare boobies, people getting stabbed, chainsawed to bits. At the drive-in or The Roxy on main street, you get the real deal, uncut,” she said, her eyes glinting. “But guys use the drive-in as an excuse to maul girls like me, trying to make out in the back seat.”
She rolled her eyes, but her smirk betrayed her thrill at the attention,

her rebellion feeding on the power she held over those boys. Richard felt a pang of sadness—*she shouldn't have to deal with that*—but it quickly turned to arousal, imagining himself at the drive-in with her, his hands exploring her curves, her body yielding to his touch. *I'd be different,* he thought, but the idea of "mauling" her, of being close like that, sent a shiver through him. Count Freakazoid's voice boomed, announcing a local carnival was coming to town, complete with a freak show and a real Egyptian mummy exhibit. Crystal sat up, excited. "We should go see that," she said, her voice alive with her thrill-seeking spirit. "Freak shows, mummies—way better than this crap."

Richard nodded, his mind racing. *A carnival with Crystal*? He pictured them wandering the midway, her halter top drawing stares, her laughter cutting through the crowd, her rebellion making every moment electric. *She's untamed, and I'll be with her*, he thought, his body buzzing with anticipation. Richard wanted to be part of her world, to share her rebellion, to be close to the girl who made his heart race and his body ache.

Chapter 7

The living room was cloaked in the eerie glow of the TV, Count Freakazoid's campy Dracula act droning on as he interrupted a crappy, badly dubbed Italian horror movie that the TV station had cheaply picked up. Richard and Crystal had settled in after their basketball game and cowboy show, her rebellious suggestion to watch late-night TV sparking a thrill in Richard. Now, hours later, the couch and chair felt like a cocoon, the night's stillness lulling them both to sleep. Richard's head lolled against the chair, his dreams swirling with images of Crystal her halter top straining, her breasts bouncing on the court, her lacy underwear in his hands, the catalog models' faint outlines of nipples and pubic hair fueling his fantasies. Crystal sprawled on the couch, her cut-off jeans and halter top clinging to her curves, had drifted off, her breathing soft and rhythmic. Richard stirred, blinking in the dim light, his heart jolting as he realized Crystal's halter top had slipped during her sleep, one side open to reveal a single, full breast, its soft curve glowing in the TV's flicker. By shifting slightly, he could make out her nipple, pink and hardened in the cool air, rising and falling with each breath. *God, it's perfect*, he thought, his pulse racing, the sight more intimate than her striptease through the peephole. That had been distant, stolen, but this was close, real, her vulnerability unguarded. He leaned forward, inching closer, his eyes locked on her breast, the gentle motion mesmerizing. The nipple's delicate texture, the faint shadow of her areola, captivated him, a vision sharper than the fleeting glimpse of her body swaying in her room. *It's so close, so real*, he thought, his body stirring, his jeans tightening. A battle raged within him. *Could I touch it? Just a graze? She'd never know*, he thought, his hand twitching, imagining the soft weight of her breast, the warmth under his fingers. But his conscience screamed—*She trusts you, don't be like Virgil. I'm not him. I want to worship her, not hurt her*, he thought, his romantic longing clashing with his arousal, the tension between his desire and

respect pulling him taut.
The phone's shrill ring shattered the silence, and Richard froze, faking sleep, his heart pounding. Crystal stirred, groggy, and grabbed the receiver. "Hello?" she said, her voice thick with sleep. A pause, then her brow furrowed. "What color are my panties? You sick creep, who is this?"
The line went dead, and she hung up, a nervous laugh escaping her. Richard pretended to wake, rubbing his eyes.
"Was that my parents?" he asked, his voice shaky, hoping to mask the storm in his mind—her exposed breast, his near-betrayal.
Crystal smirked, her rebellious spirit flickering despite the unease. "Hope not, unless your dad's into pervy questions," she joked, tossing her hair, trying to brush it off. "Just an obscene phone call. Some loser asking about my underwear."
They laughed, her defiance a shield, but the tension lingered, her eyes darting to the phone as if expecting it to ring again. Richard's chest tightened, a mix of protectiveness and arousal, her vulnerability and strength pulling him closer. *She's so tough, but she's shaken*, he thought, wanting to be her ally, not just another gawker. The phone rang again, and Crystal's smile faltered. She answered, her voice sharper. "What now?"
The caller's voice, low and leering, grew explicit. "How many guys you been with, Big Chrissy? Bet you're wet just thinking about it. Strip for me, right now, by the window—let me see those tits bounce."
Crystal's face hardened, but she didn't hang up immediately, her rebellion wrestling with her unease.
"Go to hell," she snapped, slamming the receiver down, but it rang again, relentless. "I want to pin you down, Big Chrissy" the caller growled in the next call, his voice thick with menace. "Spread those legs, let me fuck you raw, make you scream my name."
Crystal's hand trembled as she hung up, her breathing uneven, her defiance fraying. *Who the hell is this?* she thought, her mind flashing to her reputation, the jocks' stares, the whispers of "slut" she'd turned

into power. *Some creep thinks he can scare me?* But the calls were too personal, too invasive, cutting into her sense of control. Richard watched her, the tension between them thickening, her vulnerability drawing him in even as her strength kept him at bay.

"You okay?" he asked, his voice soft, his eyes searching hers. She nodded, forcing a grin, but her fingers fidgeted, betraying her unease. "Just some asshole," she said, her tone defiant but strained. "Not worth freaking out over."

Richard's heart ached. "I'm scared for you," he said, his voice earnest. "I'll sleep in your room tonight, sit in a chair, guard you with a baseball bat." Crystal laughed, her grin returning, but her eyes held a flicker of gratitude. "Your parents would lose their shit if I let you sleep in a chair all night," she said, her tone teasing but warm, the tension easing slightly as she leaned closer, her shoulder brushing his. "Let's just sleep in the same bed, protect each other. No big deal."

Richard's heart leapt, his mind reeling. *Sleep with Big Chrissy?* The idea was dizzying, a mix of dream and danger, their closeness already charged with unspoken desire. They climbed the stairs to the guest room, Crystal had slipped into a pink top and panties, the fabric clinging to her curves, her rebellious confidence still evident despite the phone calls. Richard, in his pajamas, slid into bed beside her, the mattress creaking under their weight. They huddled close, her warmth radiating, her breasts pressing against his arm through the thin fabric, the sensation electric. *I can feel her, so close,* he thought, his body tensing, the memory of her exposed nipple, her striptease, her lacy underwear flooding back. The tension between them crackled—her vulnerability, his longing, the shared defiance against the caller's intrusion binding them in a fragile intimacy. Crystal fell asleep first, her breathing steady, but soon she began to moan softly, "No, don't… please don't," her voice trembling, the obscene calls haunting her dreams, the caller's graphic threats echoing in her subconscious. To Richard, though, her moans sounded sensual. *She sounds like she's… turned on*, he thought, misinterpreting her distress, his arousal spiking. The pressure of her

breasts, the heat of her body, the imagined sensuality of her moans pushed him over the edge. His body shuddered, and he ejaculated in his pajama pants, biting his lip to stifle a moan, his heart pounding with fear of waking her. *Don't make a sound*, he thought, his breath ragged, the release intense but laced with guilt. *She's scared, and I'm leaking… this is wrong*. Crystal slept on, unaware, her moans fading as she shifted closer, her body trusting despite her troubled dreams. Richard lay still, his mind a storm of longing and shame. The calls had shaken her, but she'd fought back with her usual fire, refusing to call the police, refusing to let fear win. *She's so strong, but she's human too*, he thought, his protectiveness deepening. He wanted to be her ally, her protector, not just another guy lusting after her. As the night stretched on, the phone silent for now, Richard stayed awake, her warmth against him a reminder of the fragile tension between them, her rebellious fire a flame he'd guard, even as it threatened to consume him.

Chapter 8

The college's basement was a creepy labyrinth of flickering fluorescent lights and damp concrete, the air heavy with the smell of mildew and old paint. Virgil descended the creaky metal stairs to Big Bill's office, a dimly lit closet of a room tucked behind the boiler. Virgil clutched a six-pack of cheap beer, his payment for services rendered. Big Bill, the college's Indian janitor, sat at a cluttered desk, his broad frame hunched over a bottle of whiskey, his eyes sharp despite the haze. Virgil smirked, tossing the beer onto the desk.

"For you, Big Bill," he said, his voice laced with smug satisfaction. "Payment for those calls you made to Crystal. Shit, man, you nailed it—'What color are your panties? Strip by the window, let me see those tits.' Bitch was freaking out. Nobody'd suspect you, either, since everyone knows you're a fag."

Big Bill grunted, cracking open a beer, his weathered face unreadable. "You wrote that script, kid. I just read it," he said, his voice low, tinged with a bitterness and a lifelong resentment that Virgil didn't catch. The calls had been Virgil's idea, each line dripping with his obsession—his need to unsettle Crystal, to break her.

"Why do you drink all the time, Big Bill?" Virgil asked, leaning against the wall, his eyes scanning the room, uneasy in the eerie basement. Bill took a long swig, his gaze distant. "The white man—your ancestors—stole my land, that's why I'm an alcoholic. Booze dulls the ache."

He fixed Virgil with a hard stare. "Don't you learn anything in the white man's school"

Virgil grinned, his mind flashing to Crystal's striptease, her naked body swaying, her breasts bouncing, her fingers between her thighs. "Oh, I'm learning plenty about girls' anatomy, thanks to you," he said, his voice thick with crude pride. "Big Chrissy's the best lesson yet."

Bill shook his head, a wry smile tugging at his lips. "White man's a fool, salivating over what your culture call airheads or bimbos. Waste of

time.”
Virgil’s grin twisted into a sneer. “Airheads don’t come bigger than Crystal" he spat, his hatred flaring, fueled by the very sight that consumed him. “I’ve seen her naked, Bill—every inch, that pert ass, those tits, even her cunt. Makes me hate her more, the way she struts around, teasing, thinking she’s gonna be as big as Bo Derek.” His voice dropped, dark and vicious. “But damnit if I don't want to screw her so bad, put a chain on her, make her wear a sexy costume, like Jabba the Hutt did to Princess Leia, show her who’s boss.” His obsession burned, a mix of loathing and desire.
Bill’s eyes narrowed, his expression unreadable as he leaned back, gesturing to the paintings on his walls—muscular braves, their bronzed bodies barely clad in loincloths, their strength raw and unapologetic. “Ever think about men like that, Virgil?” he asked, his tone probing, a challenge beneath the words. “These braves, they’re real power. Not your white man's airheads.” He tapped a stack of Tom of Finland magazines on his desk, their covers featuring exaggerated, hyper-masculine figures. “Want to borrow one? Might learn something new about yourself.”
Virgil recoiled, as if stung by a wasp, his face twisting. “Hell no, Bill. Stop weirding me out, I'm completely normal” he snapped, his discomfort sharp in the cramped office which suddenly felt very intimate. The paintings, the magazines, Bill’s question—they clashed with his fixation on Crystal... Crystal the “slut”... Crystal the “whore”.
“Gotta go. Enjoy the beer.” Virgil turned quickly, escaping Bill's netherworld of man love as he climbed the stairs, his thoughts still churning with images of Crystal—her naked body, his Yabba the Hutt fantasies of breaking her, the calls he’d scripted to rattle her. She’ll crack eventually, he thought, his obsession a fire that burned hotter with every step. Bill watched him go, shaking his head, taking another swig of beer. Fool kid, he thought, his gaze lingering on the braves’ drawings, their strength a reminder of a world Virgil would never understand. Crystal meant nothing to Bill, but Virgil’s hatred, his

twisted desire, was a sickness he recognized all too well. White man's always chasing something he can't have, Bill mused, as he cracked another can.

Chapter 9

Richard woke to the soft patter of water from the bathroom, the guest room bathed in the pale light of early morning. Crystal was gone from the bed, her warmth lingering in the sheets where they'd huddled together the night before, her breasts pressed against him, her moans—"No, don't… please don't"—haunting his dreams after the obscene phone calls. His heart jolted as he remembered his ejaculation in his pajama pants, the wet patch a shameful secret. *God, I hope she didn't notice when she got up*, he thought, his face flushing as he checked the fabric, the stain mercifully hidden by the twisted sheets. The sound of the shower grew louder, and he sat up, his pulse quickening at the thought of Crystal naked under the spray, her body glistening, her rebellious spirit undimmed despite the calls. The bathroom door creaked open, and Crystal appeared in the doorway at the foot of the bed, framed by the morning light. She wore a sheer, pale pink nightie, its fabric so thin it was nearly transparent, revealing the full curves of her breasts, her nipples dark and hardened against the material. Richard's breath caught, his eyes tracing lower, catching the faint shadow of her pubic hair through the delicate cloth, a tantalizing echo of the catalog models' outlines that had fueled his fantasies when he touched her lacy underwear. He shifted, hoping his arousal wasn't obvious, his mind racing with guilt and desire. Crystal stretched, oblivious to the effect she had, her breasts shifting under the fabric. "Morning, Richard," she said, her voice warm but tinged with unease. "I'm gonna grab a shower, then I'll fix us breakfast. Peanut butter sandwiches sound good?"

Her casual tone sent a thrill through him, the domesticity of it sparking a wild fantasy. *We're like a married couple*, he thought, his heart swelling. He imagined his parents' car swerving off the road on their way back from Cleveland, a tragic crash leaving him alone. *Crystal would take pity on me, move in permanently. We'd live as man and*

wife—her cooking breakfast, sleeping beside me, her body mine to love. The thought was absurd, tinged with guilt, but it fueled his longing, her presence in his home a dream he never wanted to end. From the bathroom, the shower's hiss intensified, and Crystal's voice called out, "Those calls last night really freaked me out, you know?"

The idea of her naked, water streaming over her curves, her breasts, her pubic hair, while talking to him sent a jolt of arousal through Richard. *She's bare, right now, so close*, he thought, his body tensing, the tension between them crackling even through the wall.

"I mean, asking about my panties, how many guys I've been with, wanting me to strip by the window, saying they'd… ," she paused, then continued, her voice shaking slightly, the explicit threats clearly weighing on her.

"I wonder if it's some creep from my weekend job at The Roxy, the movie theater. You know, the one downtown?"

Richard swallowed, trying to focus on her words, not the image of her naked in the shower. "My dad goes there a lot," he said, his voice unsteady. "He goes to watch the Three Stooges shorts."

Crystal laughed, the sound sharp and defiant, cutting through her unease. "Yeah, right! That's what he tells your mom. Guys like him go for the R-rated stuff—cheerleader flicks, all skin and no plot."

Richard's eyes widened, the pieces clicking. *That's why Dad's always sneaking off alone,* he thought, a mix of amusement and unease at his father's secret. Abraham's attraction to Crystal, his hungry glances at her cut-off jeans and halter top, made sense now—he was chasing the same thrill Virgil sought with his crude fantasies. *Dad's no better than Virgil,* Richard thought, but the idea of Crystal in those cheerleader movies, her body on display, only deepened his longing. *I'd watch her, and I'd love her*, he thought, his romantic reverence setting him apart from his father's lust. Crystal emerged from the bathroom, a towel wrapped around her, her wet hair clinging to her shoulders, her rebellious grin returning.

"Peanut butter sandwiches in ten," she said, heading to the kitchen.

Richard lay back, his mind swirling with the image of her in the nightie, her breasts and pubic hair faintly visible, her vulnerability last night, and the domestic fantasy of a life together. The carnival loomed, a chance to be closer to her, but the shadow of those calls, their explicit threats, hung over them, a tension that bound them tighter, her fire a flame Richard would guard, even as it threatened to burn him.

Chapter 10

The morning air was crisp as Richard trudged toward college, his backpack slung over one shoulder. His heart raced at the thought of seeing Crystal again after school, the carnival plans looming like a promise. But his reverie shattered as Virgil fell into step beside him, his smirk sharp and predatory.

“So, what’s it like living with that big airhead?” Virgil asked, his voice dripping with mockery “Bet she’s prancing around your house, tits bouncing, clueless as ever".

Richard's anger flared.

“She’s not an airhead,” he snapped, his voice firm despite the flush creeping up his neck. “Crystal's really nice when you get to know her. She’s… different, not like you think.”

His defense was fierce, rooted in his romantic longing. Virgil laughed, a harsh, grating sound. “Nice? She wouldn’t be so nice if she knew we were watching her through that peephole, would she?”

He leaned closer, his voice lowering to a conspiratorial growl. “Man, it turned me on, seeing her strip, touching herself, completely ignorant I was getting an eyeful of her naked ass and cunt. Every inch of her, laid bare, and she doesn’t even know.”

His eyes gleamed, relishing the secret violation, his dominance-driven obsession fueled by her unawareness. “Big Bill is making big bucks off it, you know—guys lining up to see her, so many dudes have watched her naked. She’s anybody’s, just a cheap slut.”

Richard's fists clenched, his face burning with rage. “Shut up, Virgil,” he growled, his protectiveness for Crystal surging.

“You don’t know her. She’s not a slut or a bimbo—she’s better than that.”

Virgil smirked, sensing blood. “Oh, you’re falling for her, aren’t you? Losing your head over a bimbo like Big Chrissy. Pathetic.”

His taunt cut deep, mocking Richard's romantic reverence, his desire to

worship her, not dominate her like Virgil did with his Yabba the Hutt fantasies of collaring her. Richard's eyes flashed, his anger boiling over. “I’d rather spend time with Crystal than that creepy Indian you hang out with,” he shot back. The memory of Bill’s basement office—dark, eerie, with its drawings of near-naked braves and Tom of Finland magazines—made Virgil shudder. His face twitched, but he quickly pivoted, his obsession with Crystal taking over. “Whatever, man. You seen her nude around the house yet? Bet she’s flashing those tits everywhere, begging for it.”

His voice was thick with crude anticipation, his mind replaying her striptease, his hatred and desire for her a twisted knot. Richard's stomach churned, his protectiveness clashing with his own guilty memories—her exposed breast during Count Freakazoid, her nightie, the wet patch he hoped she hadn’t seen.

“I’m not talking about her like that,” he said, his voice cold, turning away to keep walking. *She’s more than your sick games*, he thought, refusing to feed Virgil's fixation. The tension between them crackled. As they neared the college Virgil’s smirk lingered, his thoughts still on Crystal. *She’ll crack, like Princess Leia, and I’ll be there when she does*, he thought, his dominance-driven fantasies festering. Richard, meanwhile, held tight to his memories of Crystal—her laughter, her defiance, her warmth in bed. The carnival with Crystal was coming, a chance to be closer, but Virgil’s shadow loomed.

Chapter 11

The college buzzed with activity, the sun beating down on the cracked asphalt track where girls jogged in gym class, their sneakers pounding the ground. Zeke, Clay, and Huck, three shirtless jocks, lounged against the fence, their bare torsos glistening with sweat, passing a joint between them. The acrid smell of weed hung in the air as they leered at the girls, their eyes fixed on the rhythmic bounce of breasts under tight gym shirts. “Look at those tits jiggle,” Zeke muttered, exhaling a cloud of smoke, his voice thick with crude amusement. “Nothing better than track day, huh?” Clay nodded, grinning, while Huck chuckled, pointing out a girl whose sports bra strained with every stride.

“Bet they’re begging to pop out,” Huck said, their laughter coarse and unapologetic. Across the lawn, Big Bill swept leaves into a pile, his broom moving slowly as he stole glances at the jocks. From a distance, Bill thought that their muscular frames, bare and bronzed under the sun, could pass for the Indian braves in the drawings plastered on his basement office walls—strong, scantily clad, raw with power. The sight stirred Bill’s erotic fantasies. *They’re like warriors*, he thought, his mind drifting to the Tom of Finland magazines he’d offered Virgil, the images of hyper-masculine men his secret escape. He lingered too long, his broom still, his gaze too obvious. Huck noticed first, nudging Zeke.

“Yo, that dude’s a freak,” he said, his voice low but sharp.

“That Big Bill’s always taking young boys down to that creepy basement, and charging ‘em to peep through holes at the girls’ dorms. Bet he likes watching those young dudes as they get all worked up.” His accusation carried the weight of persistent school rumors concerning Big Bill. Zeke smirked, his eyes glinting with malice.

“Yeah, Big Chief Chickenhawk,” he declared, the nickname dripping with mockery. Clay and Huck burst out laughing, their voices rising as they chanted, “Big Chief Chickenhawk! Big Chief Chickenhawk!”

The taunt cut through the air, drawing stares and laughter from the

jogging girls. Bill's face darkened, his grip tightening on the broom.
"I hate you white man," he muttered under his breath, his bitterness echoing his words to Virgil about stolen land, the pain dulled only by the beer and whiskey he drank. The jocks, catching his mutter, jeered louder.
"Get off our land, Chief!" Huck shouted, his voice mocking.
Zeke, caught up in the moment, yelled, "Remember the Alamo!" only for Clay to elbow him, snorting.
"That's when we kicked the Mexicans' asses, dumbass, not Indians."
Zeke scooped up a handful of rocks from the ground, tossing one at Bill.
"Scram, Chickenhawk," he sneered, the others joining in, pelting small rocks that clattered around Bill's boots.
Bill's shoulders hunched, his eyes flashing with resentment, he turned, retreating into the high school's shadowed entrance, the sting of their words and stones lingering.
White man's always gotta tear down what he doesn't understand, he thought, the basement's darkness calling him back to his sanctuary of braves and bottles. Clay and Huck dusted their hands, glancing at the track. "Ah, shit, we got class," Clay said, nudging Huck, who nodded, reluctant but moving toward the school.
Zeke, still clutching the joint, grinned. "Screw class. I'm staying out here, smoking more weed, watching those boobs bounce."
He leaned back against the fence, his eyes locked on the jogging girls.
Inside, Bill sank into his basement office, the flickering light casting shadows on the brave drawings, his thoughts bitter but drifting back to the jocks' bare torsos, a fleeting escape from his reality.

Chapter 12

In the mildew-scented basement of the college, Big Bill slumped in an old, creaky chair in his office, the flickering fluorescent light casting jagged shadows on the walls adorned with drawings of muscular braves. The sting of the jocks' taunts, the stones pelting his body, the cries of "get off our land"—still burned in his chest.

White man's always tearing me down, he thought, his fingers tracing the edge of a whiskey bottle, his bitterness a familiar ache. The air felt heavy, oppressive, and a sudden chill made him tense, sensing a presence in the darkness. Without warning, a horrific creature lunged from the shadows—gnarled teeth, hollow eyes, a grotesque snarl. Bill jumped, his heart lurching, a curse escaping his lips before the creature yanked off its face, revealing Virgil's smirking grin beneath a cheap Halloween mask.

"Ha Ha Bill, you shit yourself or what?" Virgil cackled, pointing at him, the mask dangling in his hand. Bill's jaw tightened, his eyes narrowing.

"White man's always tormenting me," he muttered.

Virgil, oblivious to the depth of Bill's resentment, tossed the mask onto the desk.

"Got it at the shop down the street, perfect for scaring people. Speaking of which, I've come up with new ways to mess with Big Chrissy." His eyes gleamed with cruel excitement, his obsession with Crystal as dark as ever.

"We cut letters from a newspaper, paste 'em to say, 'We are going to persecute you for having big tits,' and slip it through Richard's door. Or you wear this mask, lurk outside his house, scare the shit outta her. Better yet, grab a ladder, takes some topless pics when she's in her room. Bet those tits look even better in photos."

Bill shook his head, his expression one of weary disdain. "I got no interest in your white man's bimbo," he said, his voice dismissive of this invitation to trouble.

“That kinda stunt’d get me arrested, cost me my job. You think I’m stupid?” He leaned back, his gaze drifting to the brave drawings, a flicker of defiance in his eyes.
“I know ways to get even, ways the white man doesn’t understand.”
Virgil raised an eyebrow, intrigued despite himself.
“Like what? Spill it, Bill.”
Bill reached into his locker, pulling out a tarnished medallion etched with intricate symbols, its surface worn but heavy with intent.
“This,” he said, holding it up, “Indian magic, with it I can leave my body, transfer my soul into objects, some animals. See what you can’t.”
Virgil scoffed, rolling his eyes. “You’re full of shit, Bill. Magic? Come on.”
Insulted, Bill’s face hardened.
“Watch,” he said, slipping the medallion around his neck and closing his eyes, his breathing slowing as he sank into a trance. His body went still, but his soul felt weightless, rising, drifting upward through the college's ceiling, circling the building like an eagle.
From above, he spotted Zeke, the jock who’d mocked him, lying stomach-down on the grass, earphones blasting music from his Walkman, a joint smoldering beside him, oblivious to the world. Bill’s soul scanned the area, pleased to find no one else around. Nearby, a rusty lawnmower sat idle, its blades dull but sharp enough. With a surge of will, Bill’s soul entered the machine, its engine roaring to life with an unnatural growl. The lawnmower lurched forward, making a beeline for Zeke, the music drowning out its approach. The blades caught his feet first, shredding them into a bloody pulp, and Zeke’s scream tore through the air as he twisted, eyes wide with horror. The possessed lawnmower didn’t stop, mounting his body, its blades tearing through his shorts, reducing his buttocks to a mangled mess in seconds. It churned upward, slicing his back, exposing his spine in a gruesome spray of blood and bone. Finally, it reached his head, the blades splicing off the top of his skull, scrambling his brains into a pulpy ruin. Zeke’s screams faded, his body still, the grass stained red. Back in the basement, Bill’s body jerked wildly in the chair, his lips emitting a

guttural, mechanical growl like a lawnmower's engine, his limbs twitching as if possessed by the machine's fury.
Virgil froze, his smirk vanishing, the sound was eerily reminiscent of the grunts he made while masturbating to thoughts of Crystal.
What the hell? he thought, unnerved, convinced Bill was pulling some weird prank.
"You're a freak, man," Virgil muttered, grabbing his mask and bolting for the stairs, the basement's shadows swallowing his retreat. *Bill's lost it,* he thought, his mind snapping back to Crystal, his plans to torment her—letters, masks, photos—still burning, undeterred by Bill's display.
Bill's eyes snapped open, his breathing heavy, the medallion cool against his chest. *White man'll never understand*, he thought, his anger at the jocks' taunts sated....for now.

Chapter 13

The college lawn was a scene of carnage, the grass soaked red where Zeke's body lay in tatters, the air thick with the metallic tang of blood. Detectives Sam Roe and Beau Wade stood at the edge of the crime scene, their notepads open, pens scratching as they cataloged the horror. Sam, a portly, middle-aged white man, his mustache twitching under his porkpie hat, adjusted his raincoat, his eyes grim. Beau, thirty-something, African American, sharp in a tailored suit, his pencil-thin mustache framing a frown, kept his hair short and conservative, his demeanor ice cool but focused. Despite their differences—Sam's gruff, Ivory traditionalism and Beau's polished ebony intensity—they complemented each other, a stronger force together than apart, their partnership honed by years of cracking cases in this small town. Sam shook his head, scribbling a note.

"This is a gruesome one, Beau. That lawnmower turned the poor kid into hamburger meat—feet, ass, back, head, all mashed to hell."

He glanced at the mangled remains, the exposed spine glinting in the sunlight, the top of Zeke's skull sheared off, brains scrambled.

Beau crouched, studying the tire tracks.

"Any idea who he was?" he asked.

"Zeke, some dumb jock with shit for brains," Sam replied, flipping a page in his notepad. "Busted him a few times for smoking weed out here. His dad's a Democratic Party bigwig, though, so we gotta look like we're doing something. Pressure's on."

Beau raised an eyebrow, standing. "Murder, you think?"

Sam shrugged, his eyes scanning the college windows where a cluster of students gawked.

"Kids up there say the lawnmower just came to life, ran him over like it had a mind of its own. But I'm thinking they could be lying, covering for someone. Maybe two guys after the same girl, one decides to settle it with a damn lawnmower. You know how teenage boys are—hormones

make ‘em crazy.”
Beau frowned, pointing at the deep gouges in the grass. “Doesn’t add up, Sam. A lawnmower might nick a leg, cause some damage, but this? It mounted him, tore through his whole body—feet to skull. That’s not an accident.”
Sam nodded, his mustache twitching. “Yeah, it’s like the damn thing had a vendetta, wanted him dead.”
He paused, his eyes narrowing. “Something’s off here, Beau. Machines don’t just do that.”
Just then, Virgil sauntered onto the scene, his backpack slung low, his smirk sharp as he peered past the caution tape.
“Whoa, that’s super fucked up,” he said, his voice tinged with morbid fascination. Sam held up a hand, his raincoat flapping.
“Stay back, kid. It’s a gory sight, not for you.”
Virgil grinned, unfazed. “No way, man. I usually gotta hit the drive-in to see something this bloody.”
Sam’s eyes narrowed, his tone sharp. “Oughta bust that drive-in owner for letting kids watch those R-rated flicks—teen sex crap and slashers.”
Virgil's mind flashed to Crystal, her naked body through the peephole, her breasts, her pubic hair, a sight far more explicit than any movie.
That’s real life, not some bimbo play acting on the screen, he thought, getting the beginnings of an erection, despite his close proximity to a mangled corpse.
Sam studied Virgil, then softened, fishing a card from his raincoat.
"You’re alright, kid. Name’s Sam, this here’s Beau. Hear anything about this mess, you call me, got it?”
Virgil took the card, nodding, as he turned from Sam to Beau, he said, “Hi Sam… Beau".
Beau saw red, muttering a curse under his breath as his hand twitched, ready to strike the young boy, until he realized that Virgil was just repeating their names, not slinging a racial insult.
“Watch it, kid,” Beau said, his voice low, but he let it go, turning back to his notepad. As Virgil walked away, his smirk faded, his mind churning.

Bill’s behaviour in the basement— his body jerking, making lawnmower noises—it all came back to him. The Indian said he could possess objects, make ‘em move. No way… could he? Virgil thought, the image of Zeke’s mutilated body aligning too perfectly with Bill’s claims. *Maybe Big Bill's not full of shit after all.* Neither Sam nor Beau could have suspected that their culprit was a vindictive, drunken, homosexual Indian....but Virgil knew.

Chapter 14

Virgil descended the creaky metal stairs to Big Bill's office, his heart pounding with a mix of fear and excitement. The memory of Zeke's mangled body—feet shredded, buttocks pulped, spine exposed, brains scrambled by the possessed lawnmower—haunted him, convincing him that Bill's claim of soul-transferring magic was no drunken boast.
He did it. He killed Zeke, Virgil thought. He pushed open the office door, expecting to see Bill slumped in his chair, but the room was empty, the drawings of braves staring silently from the walls. "Probably drunk in some bar," Virgil muttered to himself, his voice echoing in the dim space. He stepped inside, his nerves on edge. A heavy hand landed on his shoulder, and Virgil yelped. Big Bill's deep laugh filled the room as he stepped into the light, his weathered face creased with amusement.
"White man can be pranked too," Bill said, his eyes glinting with mischief. Virgil clutched his chest.
"Shit, Bill, you trying to kill me too?" he snapped "I know you did it. You put your soul in that lawnmower, didn't you? Ran over Zeke like he was nothing."
Bill chuckled, leaning against his cluttered desk, the tarnished medallion glinting at his neck. "Maybe you don't think I'm full of shit anymore, huh, white man?" he said, his voice a mix of pride and warning.
"Tell me more, Bill. How's it work? I wanna know everything." His voice was almost pleading. Bill's expression hardened, but he sat, fingering the medallion. "I can transfer my soul into objects and animals, for a short time," he said, his voice measured. "Eagles, to soar free in the sky, feel the wind. Or the wooden Indian at the cigar shop, to stand still, feel my ancestors' strength."
Virgil snorted, leaning forward. "A cigar store Indian? You're already an Indian, man. What's the point? Just sitting there all day, looking like… yourself."
Bill's eyes flashed a flicker of pain. "It's about being closer to them, my

people, what your kind took away.” He paused, his tone darkening. “But it’s risky, when you're out of your body you are vulnerable, a stronger soul—a soul eater—could absorb you, kill you”.
Virgil’s mind raced, “I wanna try it,” he said, his voice insistent. “Let me use the medallion.”
Bill shook his head, firm. “Not for the white man. Too many risks, too much you don’t understand.”
Virgil's smirk twisted, his eyes narrowing. “Oh, if I have too, I’ll make you. I’ll tell Roe and Wade about the peephole, how you let kids spy on girls for cash. I’ll say you put your hand down my pants, I can make it sound real convincing.”
Bill's anger flared, but Virgil pressed on, leaning closer. “Come on, Bill. I’ll even pose for photos, the type you keep bugging me about, I'll even wear that Tarzan costume you're always trying to get me to put on”
Bill’s eyes flickered, tempted but wary, the offer of Virgil to dress as Tarzan tugging at him.
“Fine,” he said at last, his voice reluctant. “What do you want to possess?” Virgil grinned, his obsession surging. “Her panties,” he said “Big Chrissy's panties".

Chapter 15

Virgil sat in Big Bill’s creaky old chair, his heart pounding with a mix of dread and anticipation, his obsession with Crystal—Big Chrissy—driving him to this moment. The memory of Zeke’s mangled body, shredded by the possessed lawnmower, had convinced him of Bill’s power, and now he wanted that power for himself, not to commit murder, that was the red man's hang-up, but to inhabit Crystal's panties, to be closer to her than the peephole or obscene calls ever allowed. Bill stood behind him, the tarnished medallion in his hands, its etched symbols glinting in the dim light.

“You sure about this, white man?” Bill asked.

Virgil nodded, his crude fantasies of Crystal—her naked body, his desire to dominate her—pushing him forward. Bill draped the medallion around Virgil's neck, its weight cold against his skin. Then, with a grunt, Bill began massaging Virgil's neck, his rough, calloused Indian hands kneading the tense muscles. Virgil stiffened, unease crawling up his spine.

That faggot is getting a kick out of this, he thought, catching the flicker of excitement in Bill’s eyes, but Virgil's own perverted obsession with Crystal and the idea of being pressed against her cunt, overpowered his discomfort.

I can’t live without knowing what it’s like to be Crystal's panties, he thought, his mind fixed on her lacy underwear, of her body filling them.

“Do it,” he muttered, his voice tight.

“Relax, close your eyes,” Bill commanded, his hands still working Virgil's neck.

Virgil obeyed, breathing deep, and suddenly a floating sensation gripped him, his body light as air. Panic surged—he felt himself lifting, detaching, his soul tearing free from his flesh. He was soaring, weightless, above the college, the town sprawling below like a map. His mind focused, getting his bearings, he moved, drawn to Richard's

house. He touched down on the lawn, the house looming ahead, to his surprise he passed through the walls, his soul unbound by physical barriers. Inside, he drifted through the kitchen, the scent of Peanut Butter sandwiches lingering from breakfast, then he ascended the stairs, searching for her. In the guest room, Virgil froze, his soul quivering with rage. The bed was unmade, sheets tangled, clear evidence that two people had slept there. Richard and Crystal, in the same bed, he thought, his jealousy burning. *That little punk's been inside her, fucking her, when I haven't. Why him!!!! Why not me!!!!* The thought of Richard touching her, claiming her, making her his woman, fueled his hatred. His soul trembled, but then heard the shower's hiss from the bathroom. *She's in there, naked*, he thought, rushing toward the sound, hoping to catch her exposed, as he had through Big Bill's peephole. In the bathroom, steam clouded the air, and Crystal stood in the shower cubicle, her naked form blurred behind the glass, her curves a tantalizing shadow. Virgil cursed the steam, his soul hovering, but his attention snapped to a pile of clothes on the floor—her pink, lacy panties perched atop, delicate and inviting. *That*, he thought, *is where her cunt lives*, his obsession narrowing to a single object of clothing. He focused, willing his soul into the fabric, the ancient Indian power surging through him. A sensation like collapsing gripped him, a dizzying pull, and suddenly he was on the floor, looking up, unable to move. *I did it,* he realized, terror flooding him, his helplessness acute—he had no arms, no legs, he was just fabric. But as Crystal stepped out of the shower, toweling off, his fear melted into arousal. From the floor, Virgil's perspective was a perverse dream—her bare ass swaying as she dried herself, each movement a tease, her skin glistening. She turned, and his soul—trapped in the panties—feasted on the sight of her hairy pussy, the dark curls vivid and close, a view more intimate than the peephole or his fantasies. She stepped closer, her feet straddling the panties, and Virgil's view was directly between her legs, her vaginal lips visible, a sight that overwhelmed him with desire. *She's perfect,* he thought, his arousal spiking as she bent down, picking up the panties—

him—her fingers brushing his essence. She pulled them up her legs, the fabric sliding over her thighs, and suddenly Virgil was pressed against her, her pubic hair curling around him, her scent overwhelming, musky and warm. *It's all I see, all I feel*, he thought, her pussy enveloping his awareness, the intimacy beyond anything he'd imagined, his crude obsession fulfilled in this twisted, helpless state.

Back in the basement, Virgil's body spasmed in the chair, his head thrown back, tongue flicking out as if performing oral sex, his erection straining against his jeans. Bill watched, his own arousal stirring, *this is even better than Tom of Finland*.
Then he moved over to his locker, and removed the gimp outfit. *White man's chasing his own demons,* Bill thought, his hand lingering near his belt.

Chapter 16

The bathroom door swung open, steam escaping as Crystal stepped out, her red bra hugging her full breasts, dark pink trousers clinging to her hips. Richard's breath caught, his eyes locked on her for a fleeting moment, the bra's vivid color accentuating her curves, her skin still damp from the shower.

God, I wish I'd seen her breasts again, he thought, the memory of her exposed nipple during Count Freakazoid and her see-through nightie burning in his mind. She grabbed a dark pink top from the bed, slipping it on, the fabric hiding her bra just as Richard's heart sank. She caught his gaze, Richard himself was in the process of getting dressed, and was only wearing boxers. Her rebellious grin flashed.

"You like hot dogs, Richard?" she asked, her voice casual but warm. "They'll have 'em at the carnival tonight."

"Hell yeah," he said, his enthusiasm bubbling, as he put his clothes on. The idea of going to the carnival with Crystal making him feel grown-up, like a man on a date, not a wimpy kid under his parents' thumb. His mind wandered back to the idea of his parents dying in car crash on their way back from Cleveland, leaving him alone.

Crystal would stay, take pity on me. We'd live as man and wife, in this house, for free. He loved her for being so sexually attractive, for letting him eat peanut butter sandwiches, watch late-night horror movies, and now go to the carnival—she was everything his mother wasn't.

I'd never let us become like them, he thought, dreading the idea of Crystal one day looking as ugly as his mother, and becoming addicted to tranquillizers, or himself becoming like Abraham, a heavy-drinker who occasionally punched his wife in the face. *I'd love her right, forever*.

Crystal paused, a strange sensation stirring between her legs, like a man's lips kissing and licking her genitals, warm and insistent. Her cheeks flushed, her body responding with a rush of arousal, but she shrugged it off, dismissing it as a quirk of the moment. *Weird, but…*

feels good, she thought, unaware that Virgil's soul, inhabiting her pink, lacy panties was the cause of her problems. She adjusted her trousers, her fingers brushing the fabric, and turned to Richard.
“Let’s get going,” she said, her voice steady despite the tingling distraction. They left the house, Crystal taking Richard's hand as they walked toward the carnival, the evening air cool and alive with possibility. Richard's heart soared, her touch making him feel like her boyfriend, their fingers intertwined a promise of something more.
We’re like a couple, he thought, but doubt crept in—*What if she just sees me as a kid, some slightly retarded younger brother?* Her “big sister” comment echoed, stinging, though he clung to the hope that she saw him differently...as a man. The carnival lights glowed in the distance, a beacon of cheap thrills, but his fears lingered, persisted.
Inside her panties, Virgil’s soul was berserk with ecstasy, Crystal's pubic hair curling around him, her vaginal lips brushing against him with every step, her scent musky and overwhelming. *This is it, closer than the peephole, better than the calls,* he thought, *I don't even care if that perverted Indian is jerking me off somewhere.*
He’d heard muffled voices—Crystal and Richard—but cared little, consumed by the view of her crotch, the texture of her hair tickling his essence. Testing his limited movement, he kissed and licked her, his soul mimicking the act, and he felt her body respond, growing wet. *I’m making her wetter than that punk Richard ever could,* he thought, priding himself on his power, his jealousy of Richard's closeness to her fueling his actions. *She’s mine, not his*.
Crystal faltered mid-step, the sensation intensifying, a warm, pulsing pleasure that made her breath hitch. She stopped, her hand tightening on Richard’s, and scratched at her crotch, her face flushing.
“Stop looking at me, turn around,” she said, her voice sharp but embarrassed. Richard obeyed, reluctant, his mind racing.
Is she on her period? he thought, his stomach twisting. *If she is, there's no way we’re gonna have sex this week.* He remembered learning about periods in school, the relief of being a boy, of being excluded

from this degrading function, the get-out clause of being a man...but now he hated the thought of Crystal bleeding down there, of being in pain. *I must really love her*, he realized, his heart aching for her. But then panic struck him—*what if it wasn't her period? What if she has VD?* He knew she must have had some sexual experience, though he loathed the idea of her having been with other men.
We've been sleeping in the same bed—could she have given it to me? The thought of catching VD without even having had sex with her felt unfair, a cruel twist. *Mom and Dad would think we did it, had sex*, he worried, imagining Drucilla's disapproval, Abraham's drunken rage. Crystal, oblivious to Virgil's presence in her panties, shook off the sensation. *Just my body acting up*, she thought, resuming their walk, locking hands with Richard again. Virgil, trapped in the fabric, reveled in her arousal, his soul kissing and licking, her wetness was his triumph over Richard.

Chapter 17

The carnival sprawled across an open field, its edges brushing against the dark, looming woodland, the night air alive with the hum of rides and the glow of neon lights. Crystal and Richard stepped onto the grounds, their hands still linked from their walk, the contact sending a thrill through Richard. The carousel spun, its calliope music clashing with screams from the Tilt-a-Whirl, while the scent of popcorn and fried dough mingled with the crisp bite of autumn. Crystal's dark pink top and trousers hugged her curves, her red bra faintly visible when she moved. *This is like a real date*, thought Richard.

"Look at all this," she said, gesturing at the flashing lights, barkers shouting for players at ring-toss booths. Her voice dropped to a playful lilt. "Ooh, there's double trouble."

She waved towards a hot dog stand where Mandy and Pandy Stoane, identical twin sisters, stood in their cheerleader outfits—short skirts, tight tops, their fizzy hair bouncing as they moved. Richard vaguely knew them from college, their olive skin hinting at Italian ancestry. They worked for their Uncle Vito, who owned the local bowling alley. *Vito's girls*, he thought, recalling their shifts at the alley, now Vito must have dispatched them to sell hotdogs at the carnival.

"Hey, Chrissy!" Mandy called, her voice high and bubbly, while Pandy flipped a hot dog on the grill. "Like, totally rad to see you!" Pandy chimed in, finishing the thought, "At this, like, super fun carnival!" Crystal grinned, leaning against the stand.

"What've you two been up to?" she asked, her tone teasing but warm, her hand still loosely holding Richard's.

Pandy giggled, tossing her hair. "Okay, so, like, I went on a date with that jock Huck, right? And he's all, trying to get fresh with me and like 'Why won't you let me touch your tits, like you did last week!'"

Mandy rolled her eyes, picking up the story. "And Pandy's like, 'Nuh-uh, that wasn't me!'"

Pandy shook her head. “He went out with Mandy, like the week before, then asked me out on a date, and thought we were the same person. As if!” Mandy nodded, adding, “We’re, like, never letting a guy come between us, sisters forever.”
They high-fived.
“Oh, and we totally auditioned for a Doublemint gum ad,” Pandy said, striking a pose. “Double the fun, right?” Mandy finished, winking.
Mandy’s eyes flicked to Richard, narrowing slightly. “Wait, you’re always hanging with that kid Virgil, right?”
Pandy nodded, her nose wrinkling. “Ugh, we, like, totally don’t like him. He’s so mean and nasty to girls, always acting like a jerk.”
Mandy chimed in, “Yeah, with that attitude, he’s, like, never gonna get laid.” They exchanged a look, then said in unison, “Virgin Virgil!”
They dissolved into giggles, at their new nickname for Virgil. Richard shifted, a mix of amusement and unease. *They’re right about Virgil*, he thought, *if only they knew that Virgil likes watching girls naked...if only they knew that I like watching girls naked*. But the twins’ felt shallow compared to Crystal, she was a real woman. Pandy tilted her head, smiling at him.
“Hey, Richard, like, want a large hot dog?”
Mandy leaned forward, her cheerleader top straining, her voice flirty. “Yeah, but, like, I wanna know if he’s got a big hot dog down his pants.”
They giggled, and Crystal laughed also, her hand squeezing Richard’s playfully. “So, Richard, if you had to pick, who’d you date—Mandy or Pandy?”
Richard’s face burned, his heart racing, the twins posed for him, as if they really were letting him have a choice. *I’d pick you, Crystal, always you*, he thought, but the words stuck, his shyness winning out.
He mumbled, “Uh, I dunno,” his eyes dropping, wishing he had the guts to confess his love, his fantasy of them living as mates, of his parents dying in a car crash, leaving him free to live with her, eating peanut butter sandwiches, watching horror movies and going to carnivals. The twins’ nickname for Virgil lingered in his mind, *—he wasn’t like Virgin*

Virgil , not with Crystal holding his hand.
“We’re hitting the freak show,” Crystal said, her voice bright. “You two planning on going?”
Mandy and Pandy shook their heads, saying in unison, “No way! They’d, like, totally keep us there as an exhibit!”.

Chapter 18

The freak show loomed at the edge of the open field, a horseshoe-shaped, cave-like structure draped in tattered canvas, its entrance flickering with dim lanterns that cast spooky shadows against the nearby woodland. Richard and Crystal approached, their hands still linked, the night air buzzing with the carnival's chaos and excitement. *This feels like a real date*, he thought, though her touch sparked doubt—*Does she see me as a boyfriend, or just a kid*? They reached the cashier's booth, finding a fat man slumped over the desk, his balding head buried in his arms, snoring loudly. Crystal grinned. "He's out cold. Richard, should we wake him to pay, or just… go in?"

Richard hesitated, he wanted to appear cool, a rebel, like a big tough boyfriend. "Let him sleep. No harm, right?"

They tiptoed past the booth, giggling like conspirators, the thrill of sneaking in amplifying Richard's sense of being grown-up. Inside, the freak show was a dimly lit maze of shoddy exhibits behind scratched glass. First up was a "living, breathing space alien," its rubbery chest rising and falling, probably the result of some kind of a pump hidden beneath, nothing worth calling the Feds out to investigate.

Crystal laughed, nudging Richard. "Look at this junk—total goddamn rip-off."

Richard chuckled, his eyes darting to her, her laughter as captivating as her curves. The next exhibit, the "severed arm," twitched with jerky, low-rent electronic effects, wires visible under the glass. It was primitive compared to the special effects Richard had seen in slasher movies at the Drive-in. Further on, "the cryogenically frozen corpse of Walt Disney" turned out to be just a mannequin wrapped in silver foil, dry ice swirling for effect. Crystal rolled her eyes. "Glad we didn't pay good money for this crap". Richard nodded, disappointed.

"I thought we'd see, like, real deformities or something."

Crystal's face registered a flicker of thoughtfulness.

“Kinda sick to put people on display like that, though. We could easily have been born like that ourselves. I mean, if my breasts had grown out of my back, I’d be considered a hunchback, an outcast, but since they grew out of my front, I’m considered popular and attractive."
She gestured to her chest. Richard seized the open excuse to stare, her full breasts mesmerizing, the memory of the peephole vivid.
I’d still love you, Crystal, even if you were a carnival freak, he thought, his heart pounding, the words nearly spilling out. He opened his mouth, courage building, but Crystal abruptly let go of his hand, drawn toward the next exhibit, leaving him to scramble after her. She stopped before a glass case housing an Egyptian mummy, its bandaged form strikingly realistic compared to the otherwise cheapskate displays. Labeled “the fallen King Bar-Bar-Rhan,” it stood tall, its linen-wrapped muscles suggesting strength in life, its hollow eyes seeming to watch. Crystal stared, transfixed, her breath quickening.
“Wow, will you look at that,” she murmured. “He must’ve been so strong, so powerful, like Rambo, he could have done anything he wanted to you".
Although she had never confessed this to anyone, Crystal had always felt a strong sexual attraction to Egyptian mummies, the reason why she never missed a carnival when they came to town. She suspected this was connected to her attraction to older guys. She recalled reading a showbiz gossip magazine, an article about Bo Derek’s love for a more mature man, her husband John, which comforted Crystal with the knowledge that she wasn’t alone. The mummy’s presence stirred her, her nipples hardening under her bra, her body growing wet between her legs, the sensation amplified by the presence of Virgil’s soul in her panties, kissing and licking her genitals with perverse intensity. Richard noticed her flush, her tightened posture, and his own arousal spiked.

Deep within the mummy, the soul of Bar-Bar-Rhan stirred, ancient, tormented and restless. His soul rarely awoke from slumber these days, rather like Howard Hughes and Marlon Brando he had grown

contemptuous of a world that looked upon him as a sideshow attraction, and rarely chose to engage with it. Yet something about these two onlookers had spiked long dormant passions, the boy meant nothing to him, but the woman caused his senses to surge. Was this a cruel trick played on his wearily soul...no, it was her!!! His lost love...Chriseis...reincarnated and standing before him. His mind raced back to centuries before, in a different land that he ruled over, the all powerful Bar-Bar-Rhan. Chriseis had been a servant girl who he had adored, despite her low status, their mating has defied the gods and angered his people. He remembered making love to her on hot Egyptian sands, then being seized by the hands of his followers, the same rough hands that mummified him alive...*betrayal...so long ago*.
Suddenly Bar-Bar-Rhan sensed another soul nearby, one that was performing a perverse sex act on his truelove. Bar-Bar-Rhan's hatred flared, his mystical power surging. *The one who incurs my vengeance, may also be my own salvation, if I can absorb his soul I will once again have the power to walk the earth,* he thought. Then Bar-Bar-Rhan made his move and sucked Virgil's soul from Crystal's panties, pulling it into his mummified body. Virgil felt like a cow who had been pleasantly feasting on grass one minute, only to then be pulled into the eye of a hurricane the next. Already driven sexually insane by his close proximity to Crystal's cunt, Virgil was consumed by unimaginable pain as his soul died, consumed by Bar-Bar-Rhan.
Blue liquid oozed from the mummy's mouth, the first sign of his awakening strength. Richard gasped, pointing. "That's so cool!"
As a woman, Crystal's eyes were elsewhere. Although she immediately thought her arousal was clouding her judgement, Crystal was sure she saw a bulge in the mummy's crotch.
That Mummy has got a boner! No, it's just my imagination, she thought, shaking her head, dismissing it as a product of her strange, secret desires. Suddenly, the voice of the cashier, now awakened, bellowed at them.
"Hey! You kids didn't pay!"

Startled, Crystal grabbed Richard's hand, her touch electric, and they bolted, laughing as they ran out of the freakshow, disappearing into the carnival.

Otis, the cashier, was so fat that he quickly resigned himself to being unable to chase them. His stained shirt clinged to his paunch, the fabric marred with beer splotches and remnants of a greasy breakfast—egg yolk and bacon grease smudged across his chest. His mustache twitched as he muttered curses, his voice rich with indignation.

"Goddamn cheating bastards," he grumbled, "How's a man supposed to make an honest living when every young punk and their bubble headed girlfriend expects to see freaks for free? Little shits."

He scratched his belly, the carnival's distant music a mocking backdrop to his frustration, his job a thankless grind of dealing with rowdy teens and bickering old married couples. Grumbling, Otis waddled back into the freak show to check the exhibits. The dim interior smelled of sawdust and sweat. Otis' eyes narrowed as he approached the Egyptian mummy exhibit. Blue slime oozed from the mummy's bandaged mouth, pooling on the exhibit floor, glinting unnaturally in the low light.

"What the hell happened to you old timer?" Otis muttered, his anger flaring. *Those cocksuckers, they vandalized it, poured some damn paint or something*.

"Ruining my show," he spat, fishing out his keys and unlocking the glass case with a creak. Otis stepped inside, the air cooler, heavier, as he knelt to examine the blue slime, his fingers hovering over the sticky pool. *Gotta clean this mess before the other customers sees it*, he thought, unaware of the mummy's stirring soul, awakened by Virgil's destruction. Suddenly, Bar-Bar-Rhan's bandaged arms twitched, then shot forward, seizing Otis's head with unnatural strength. Otis yelped, his keys clattering to the floor, but before he could scream, the mummy's hands clamped tighter, fingers digging into his ears. With a sickening rip, Bar-Bar-Rhan tore both ears off, blood spraying as Otis howled, his hands flailing uselessly. The mummy's hollow eyes seemed to blaze, and it pressed one palm over Otis's face, fingers gripping his

nose. With a brutal yank, the nose tore free, leaving a gaping, bloody hole, Otis’s screams choking into gurgles. Bar-Bar-Rhan plunged its hand into the hole where Otis’s nose had been, its fingers probing with violent precision. Slowly, Bar-Bar-Rhan pulled, and Otis’s brain began to slide out through the cavity, a wet, gray mass glistening in the dim light. The pressure was too much—Otis’s eyeballs popped from their sockets, dangling by optic nerves as his body convulsed, then went limp, collapsing in a bloody heap. The mummy stood motionless, the brain in its hand, as it absorbed Otis' soul. Virgil’s soul was already lost to the mummy’s ancient will, his perverse obsession to live as Crystal’s panties extinguished forever.

Chapter 19

In the college basement, Virgil's body slumped in the creaky old chair, half-undressed, his shirt and belt stripped off by Big Bill in a moment of predatory curiosity, the medallion still dangling around his neck. Bill, clad in a gimp costume, paced nervously, his earlier arousal soured by an unnatural chill in the air. His eyes darted to Virgil, and his stomach lurched—blue slime oozed from Virgil's mouth, thick and viscous, dribbling down his bare chest, pooling in the hollow of his collarbone.Bill tore off the gimp mask in a panic, the leather slapping against the desk, his breath ragged as he rushed to Virgil's side. "What the hell?" he rasped, his voice trembling. Blood began to pour from Virgil's eyes and ears, dark and syrupy, streaming down his face in rivulets, mixing with the blue slime in a grotesque cascade. A revolting burning smell choked the room, acrid and sour, as wisps of smoke curled from Virgil's ears, followed by liquified brain matter—gray, gelatinous, bubbling like molten tar, seeping out in clumps that splattered onto his shoulders. Bill staggered back, his heart pounding, the sight confirming an old tribal fear. *He's gone*, he thought, recognizing the work of a "soul eater." Virgil's soul, transferred into Crystal's panties to indulge a perverse obsession—kissing and licking her genitals—had been absorbed by a stronger force.

"Damn you, Virgil," Bill cursed, his voice thick with anger and dread. "Throwing your life away for that bimbo, just to live as her panties and tongue her crotch, the white man's burden."

His bitterness at Virgil's folly surged, but so did his own fear. *They'll pin this on me*, he thought, envisioning the town's judgment, fingers pointing at the "drunken Indian", echoes of the jocks' "Big Chief Chickenhawk" taunts. *No one would believe a soul eater took Virgil; they'd see the basement, the gimp costume, the Tom of Finland magazines and lock me away. I gotta get rid of him, fast*. Bill grabbed a

coarse burlap sack from a corner, spreading it across the concrete floor, the basement's shadows cloaking his grim task. From Virgil's neck he pulled the medallion, from a locker, he pulled a chainsaw, its blade rusted but razor-sharp, the motor roaring to life with a guttural snarl. He steadied Virgil's limp body and brought the chainsaw down on Virgil's right arm. The blade bit into flesh, grinding through muscle and tendon, spraying crimson arcs that splattered Bill's gimp costume and the brave drawings on the walls. Bone cracked with a sickening snap, the arm severing at the elbow, the stump oozing blood that pooled on the sack. Bill's stomach churned, but he moved to the left arm, the chainsaw's teeth tearing through, shredding skin into ragged strips, the forearm detaching with a wet thud, fingers twitching briefly before going still. The legs were next—Bill angled the blade at Virgil's thigh, the chainsaw chewing through denim and flesh, muscle parting like raw meat, the femur splintering in a spray of bone shards and marrow. Blood gushed, soaking the sack, the basement reeking of copper and burnt tissue as the chainsaw's heat singed the wounds. Finally, Bill tackled the torso, slicing through the abdomen, intestines spilling out in glistening loops, the ribcage cracking open to reveal a pulpy mess of organs, the heart exposed and still. Each cut was methodical, the chainsaw's roar drowning out Bill's ragged breaths. As Bill wrapped the remains in the sack, folding the burlap over the severed limbs and torso, a voice cut through the basement's din—Mrs. Dworkin, the schoolteacher, her tone sharp from the stairs.

"Red Man, close up the school when you're done down there, and let yourself out!"

Bill froze, the chainsaw's hum fading, his hands slick with blood.

"Yes, ma'am," he called back, his voice strained, the cover of night his only ally. He shed the gimp costume, swapping it for a worn flannel shirt and jeans, less likely to draw suspicion, and wiped the chainsaw clean, shoving it back into the locker. Hoisting the heavy, blood-soaked sack over his strong shoulders, he climbed the stairs, the weight shifting with every step, a grim reminder of Virgil's fate. Outside, Bill tossed the

sack into the bed of his old pickup truck, the metal creaking under the load. The faint smell of alcohol lingered on his breath, and he cursed under it, his fear of the cops—always eager to harass an Indian like him—spiking. Then it hit him: *The carnival. Dump the body there, and they'll think some carny did it, a clown, a bearded lady, a knife thrower, a dwarf, but not me.* He climbed into the truck, the engine sputtering to life, and headed toward the carnival's glowing lights, the woodland's dark edge a silent witness to Big Bill's quest.

Chapter 20

Big Bill’s pickup truck rattled to a stop on the outskirts of the carnival, hidden in the shadows of towering pines. From this vantage, Bill surveyed the scene, *the white man enjoying his vulgar entertainment, his silly carnival with it's bright lights and thumbing noises*. Bill's heart was heavy, his mind drifting to his noble ancestors—silent hunters stalking settlers in the desert, their arrows slicing the air with deadly precision. *This is how they must felt*, he thought, *driven to live as outsiders,* he knew then that he could never fit into the white man's world, the burlap sack in the truck’s bed was a grim echo of that violent conflict, stuffed with Virgil's dismembered remains—arms shredded, legs hacked, torso split open, intestines spilling in a blood soaked mess from the chainsaw’s brutal work. Remorse gnawed at him, his fingers gripping the steering wheel. *Should’ve never given the kid that medallion*, he thought, *the artifact’s power was too vast for a white man’s reckless lust*. Virgil was just a horny kid, chasing Big Chrissy’s bush, driven to see her cunt up close. In another life, Bill mused, maybe things could've worked out different, they could have been friends—two outcasts sharing whiskey, reading Tom of Finland, not this nightmare of magic and death. *If only Virgil had been more receptive to the path of man love, freed from the distraction of the great white bimbo,* Bill thought. Fear prickled his skin as he considered that his and Virgil's actions now meant that an evil force, one which had absorbed Virgil’s soul, was now loose in this small town....*can't think about that now, self-preservation has to be the priority.*

He climbed out, the night air cool, the faint smell of alcohol on his breath, but he was sobering up fast.

Gotta ditch the body, he thought, moving to the truck’s bed, unlatching the tarp to reveal the sack, its burlap dark with blood.

A chipper voice broke his focus.

“Hey, Red Man, you look totally bummed!”

Bill spun, startled, as a hot dog was thrust under his nose, its mustard tang sharp. Mandy and Pandy Stoane, the identical twin sisters, stood before him.
“We saw you, like, moping out here, all sad and stuff—” said Mandy, then Pandy jumped in, “So we’re, like, totally giving you a free hot dog!”
Mandy twirled a strand of hair, giggling.
“Yeah, ‘cause, like, the white man was like super mean and stole your land, so it’s, like, our bad!”
Pandy nodded, adding, “Totally, we’re, like, making amends with meat! Get it? Meat amends!”
They cackled in unison, high-fiving.
Bill blinked, caught off guard. “Thanks,” he muttered, taking the hot dog, his mind racing to cover his tracks. Pandy’s eyes flicked to the truck’s bed, the tarp concealing the sack.
“What’s, like, under that tarp thingy?” she asked, tilting her head.
Bill’s pulse quickened, his voice steady but strained. “I shot a deer. Hunting, you know, food for the pot, you don't want to see that, not for the eyes of young white women.”
Mandy wrinkled her nose, “Eww, okay, but I guess that’s, like, natural for your people, what with them living in the desert for so long, being able to communicate with eagles and stuff.”
Pandy, stepped closer, to the tarp.
“I totally bawled when Bambi’s mom got shot in that movie,” she said, reaching out to touch the tarp, addressing it.
“Aww, poor Bambi, you’ve gone to meet your mommy now, haven’t you?” She giggled, then added, “Like, hope you’re frolicking in deer heaven with, like, super cute antlers!”
Pandy’s fingers brushed the burlap, and a severed hand—Virgil’s, pale, blood-crusted, fingers curled like a claw—rolled out, landing with a soft thud on the truck bed. The twins’ screams shattered the night, their synchronized shrieks piercing the woods.
“Oh my God, that’s, like, a freakin’ hand!” Mandy wailed, clutching

Pandy. “Totally gross, it’s, like, a murder vibe!” Pandy shrieked, their cheerleader skirts bouncing as they stumbled back. Bill’s heart pounded, panic seizing him. He dropped the hotdog and lunged to the truck’s toolbox, grabbing an axe, its blade glinting as he raised it above his head, intent on silencing the twins before their screams drew the carnival crowd.

Their cries carried, reaching Bobo, a carnival clown urinating against a nearby tree, his polka-dot costume and white-painted face striking visible in the moonlight, his fake red nose gleaming. Startled, Bobo rushed toward them, his oversized pants unfastened in his haste, slipping to his ankles to expose his flopping penis as he stumbled forward, oversized shoes slapping the dirt, greasepaint cracking with his grimace.

Bill froze, the sight surreal—a clown charging, pants down, impressive penis swinging like a pendulum. In another moment, Bill might’ve smiled, even invited Bobo to his basement to flip through his Tom of Finland collection, an offer of friendship, maybe even more. But now, fear and instinct ruled. With precision worthy of his ancestors, Bill hurled the axe, its blade slicing through the air. It struck Bobo’s forehead with a sickening thunk, splitting skin and bone, the metal embedding deep in his skull. Blood sprayed in a crimson arc, bone fragments flying, the clown’s red nose popping off as his body crumpled, pants still at his ankles, penis exposed in a final indignity, blood pooling around his painted face.

The twins screamed louder, hysterical, clutching each other, their cheerful banter forgotten. “Like, oh my God, you killed a clown!” Mandy wailed. “Totally an R-rated slasher movie now!” Pandy sobbed. Bill ignored them, sprinting to the driver’s seat, the truck’s engine roaring to life. He peeled out, tires kicking up dirt, unaware that he’d forgotten to secure the truck’s back. The tarp flapped open, and the sack containing Virgil's remains—severed limbs, split torso, glistening organs—tumbled out, scattering across the road in a grotesque trail of

flesh and blood, a hand bouncing into the ditch, a leg rolling toward the woods. A lost load of gore.

Chapter 21

Richard and Crystal prepared for bed, the carnival's thrill still lingering in their minds. Richard was already in his pyjamas and sat up in bed, another night together beckoned, he anticipated her warmth beside him. Crystal, her hair loose, glanced at the double bed, her voice tentative. "No more of those creepy phone calls lately," she said "maybe we should sleep in separate beds tonight, you know, get some space."
Richard's heart sank, his fantasy of them as a couple threatened.
"I hate the idea of us sleeping alone, Chrissy. What if that weirdo phone caller breaks in? I'd never forgive myself if anything happened to you, I wanna protect you."
Crystal tilted her head.
"Alright, tough guy," she teased, "we'll stick together."
She grabbed a few garments from her suitcase and headed to the bathroom to change, leaving Richard alone, his heart racing with anticipation. *This is it*, Richard thought, settling under the covers, *like we're an old married couple, man and wife, just settling down for the night.* Crystal emerged from the bathroom, her see-through nightie clinging to her curves, the fabric sheer enough to hint at her body beneath. Richard's eyes lingered, his mind alive with their closeness.
"Look, Chrissy," he said, his voice tentative, "I couldn't help noticing that you were itching a lot tonight. Everything okay down there? Like, a problem or something?"
Crystal raised an eyebrow, standing by the bed. "I think what you're trying to ask is am I on my period?" she said. "Nah, it's probably just an allergic reaction to that cheap washing powder your family uses. Stung like hell. I tossed those old pink panties in the trash—too itchy to keep."
Richard's mind raced. *Her panties in the trash*? he thought, making a mental note to retrieve them later, a priceless memento he'd treasure forever. What happened next would live with Richard forever. She lifted her nightie, revealing her new lime-green panties, the vibrant

color hugging her hips, a teasing flash of her curves. "Got new ones on". Richard's breath caught.
“Sorry about the powder,” he said, his cheeks flushing, his eyes still on the green fabric. “Did it, uh, cause a rash down there?”
Crystal laughed, lowering her nightie and climbing onto the bed.
“That’s a bit personal, Richard, women don't like to talk about things like that ,” she said, her voice serious but kind. “No rash, don’t worry about me. I’m perfectly fine down there.”
She leaned over, her hair brushing his face, and kissed his forehead, a gentle, sisterly gesture that sent his heart soaring.
“Thanks for being so considerate,” she added, her smile warm, unaware that the itching had been caused by Virgil’s soul in her old panties, kissing and licking her until Bar-Bar-Rhan, the carnival mummy, had intervened, leaving her body free of sexual torment but her mind puzzled by the sensations she had been feeling. They slipped under the covers together, her warmth beside him a quiet thrill, the lime-green panties vivid in his mind. As a person of Irish descent, Richard especially approved of her new panties- the color of the Emerald Isles.
Underneath those covers, Irish eyes were smiling.

Chapter 22

The carnival's outskirts had become a grim tableau, flashing blue lights illuminating the crime scene where Bobo the clown lay dead, his forehead split by Bill's axe, his pants at his ankles exposing his penis in an undignified final pose. Detectives Sam Roe and Beau Wade stood near the body, their notepads out. Sam fixed the Stoane sisters with a stern look.

"Let's run through this again," he said, his voice gruff. "You went to give an Indian a hot dog, he claimed he shot Bambi, but it was really human body parts in his pickup truck. Then a clown charged him, and the Indian killed the clown. That about it?"

Mandy and Pandy nodded.

"Like, totally, that's it," Mandy said. Pandy's eyes welled up, her voice quivering. "Why is there, like, so much ugliness in the world? Why can't the world be, like, one big shopping mall, everyone just hanging out, buying rad stuff, you know?"

Mandy chimed in, "Yeah, like, totally chill, picking out cute tops and sipping slushies!"

They sighed in unison, their bubbly demeanor clashing with the gore at their feet. Sam raised an eyebrow.

"Did you recognise the Indian?"

Pandy nodded, "Oh yeah, I think it was Big Bill, the college janitor."

Mandy added, "Yeah, the one the kids all call 'Big Chief Chickenhawk,' I guess 'cause he's, like, always eating chicken."

Beau scribbled a note, his tone speculative.

"Maybe Bill hated his janitor gig, wanted to run away with the carnival. Killed the clown to steal his identity, blend in with the carnies."

Sam nodded, then gestured to Beau. "This is my partner, Detective Wade." Beau flashed a tight smile. "Call me Beau."

Mandy's eyes lit up, "As in, like, Bo Derek in 10? So gorg!" Pandy giggled, "Or, like, Bo Duke from Dukes of Hazzard? Total hottie!" They burst into the Dukes of Hazzard theme song, harmonizing, "Just them

good ol’ boys, never meanin’ no harm—”
Beau cut them off, his voice firm. “Ladies, please, this is serious. A clown died tonight.”
The twins pouted, saying in unison, “Sorry, like, totally sorry!”
Mandy added, “We’re, like, identical twins, FYI.”
Pandy nodded, “Yeah, like, double the fab!”
Beau smirked, “All you white folks look alike to me anyhow.”
Sam, ignoring the banter, rubbed his chin, his mind on Bill.
“Maybe it’s about the land. Bill might’ve thought that the carnival was a desecration of his people's memory. Beau, when you get a minute, check out if this place was ever an Indian burial ground.”
Beau nodded, jotting it down, then eyed the twins.
“The clown's pants are down. Was he like that when he died? Or did you ladies get curious while waiting for the cops, pull ‘em down to see what a guy’s pecker looks like?”
Mandy gasped, “Eww, no way!” Pandy echoed, “Like, totally gross, we’d never!”
Sam jumped to their defense, his voice softening. “These are nice Catholic girls, Beau. Probably still virgins, both of ‘em,” he thought, picturing their innocence. The twins nodded.
Sam glanced at Bobo’s body, the axe wound a bloody mess, and frowned. “Ain’t right for them to see this—a fella with his pecker out, and an axe in his head. Could traumatize ‘em.”
He signaled a uniformed officer, who draped a tarp over Bobo’s corpse, covering the offending genitals and shattered skull. Just then, two young boys—pimply thrill-seekers from the carnival—sneaked up, pinching Mandy and Pandy’s butts. The twins yelped, “Like, oh my God, rude!”
Sam spun, his voice booming, “Get back to the carnival, you little punks, or I’ll haul you in!”
One boy, undeterred, whined, “Not fair! I wanted to see the dead clown with his pecker hanging out!”
The other grinned, “You should check the freak show. Most of the

exhibits are super lame, but there's a real gory one—supposed to be an Egyptian mummy, but it's just some fat guy behind glass, head split open, eyeballs dangling like yo-yos." The first boy added, "And no cashier, so it's free!" Sam's face reddened. "Get lost before I kick your asses and lock you up!" The boys scurried off, laughing. Sam turned to the twins, his tone fatherly. "Well I hope you've learned a lesson not to talk to strange men, especially Indians."

Beau nodded, his voice sharp. "Yeah, maybe if you hadn't talked to that Indian, a clown might still be alive now."

Mandy and Pandy's eyes widened, their voices merging

"We're, like, so sorry!"

From the bushes, Bar-Bar-Rhan watched, his mummified form hidden, blue slime dripping from his mouth. Something about the scene he had just witnessed stirred centuries old memories....images of two loyal warriors who shared the same face, though further details eluded him. Frustrated, he stumbled along the carnival's edge, avoiding human contact, his bandaged feet silent on the grass. A loud roar brought to his attention a caged Grizzly bear.

A noble beast, Bar-Bar-Rhan thought, *like myself fated to be locked up and paraded around for gawking crowds, but fear not my friend, just as I have my freedom you too shall be released from this inglorious bondage.*

With a surge of ancient strength, Bar-Bar-Rhan bent the cage's bars, the metal groaning as it gave way. The bear lumbered out, pausing momentarily to meet with the Mummy's gaze before bounding into the forest, as free as the wind blows. *Go well, oh noble brother,* Bar-Bar-Rhan thought, *for it is a strange new world we both find ourselves in*.

Chapter 23

Sunlight poured through the window, bathing the walls in a golden glow as morning birds chirped outside. Richard woke next to Crystal, her warmth pressed against him in the tangled sheets, a reminder of their shared nights. Sweat slicked his skin, the room stifling, and he decided to shower. Rising carefully to avoid waking her, he glanced back, his breath catching. Crystal lay on her side, facing him, her see-through nightie hiked up, one full breast spilling free, the pink nipple soft and inviting against her pale skin. Her lime-green panties, vibrant and tight, had shifted, exposing a thick curl of dark pubic hair, the sight of the panties stirring his Irish pride—*green, like the fields of home*—and a raw, pulsing desire. The glimpse of her bush, lush and untamed, fueling his longing to see her fully naked, to feel her body under his. *She wasn't lying about no rash*, he thought, no redness was marring his intimate view. A battle raged within him.

Real friends don't touch each other when they are asleep, he thought, his love for her—her rebellious nature, her kindness when it came to peanut butter sandwiches and horror movies—clashing with a primal urge. His hand trembled, then moved, fingers brushing her nipple, the soft, warm flesh sending a jolt through him, his cock twitching in his pajamas. He froze, scanning her face for signs of waking, her lips parted slightly, her breathing steady. Emboldened, he cupped her breast, the heavy curve filling his palm, his fingers squeezing gently, feeling the supple give. He teased her nipple, rolling it between thumb and finger, watching it harden, a stiff peak that made his erection throb painfully. Her soft murmur spiked his panic, but her eyes stayed closed. Heart pounding, he leaned closer, his gaze locked on her face, and pressed his lips to her breast, tongue circling the hardened nipple, then he sucked. A louder murmur from her—almost a moan—jerked him back, fear flooding him.

I'm betraying her trust, he thought, quickly pulling the sheet over her

exposed form, his face burning with shame as he fled to the bathroom. In the shower, steam clouded the glass, hot water cascading over his body as self-hatred consumed him. *I violated her, her friendship, her trusting nature*, he thought, *how could I lose control like that*?
A groggy voice cut through—Crystal's, fresh from waking.
“Richard? You in there?”
His heart raced, his voice shaky. “Yeah.”
She yawned, “Damn, that’s unfortunate. I gotta get out early today.”
A pause, then her tone turned playful, teasing.
“What the hell, I’ll hop in with you.”
Richard’s mind exploded—*She’s gonna get in, naked, her tits, her bush, everything*. His cock hardened fully, pulsing with anticipation, but panic surged—*She’ll see my boner, she’ll think I’m a creep*. He braced himself, the shower door creaking open, expecting her curves through the steam. Instead, Bar-Bar-Rhan’s mummified form loomed, blue slime dripping from its mouth, eyes hollow with ancient rage. The mummy’s bandaged hand clamped over Richard’s face, fingers digging into his cheeks, shoving his head back against the shower wall with a sickening crunch, tiles shattering as pain exploded—Richard jolted awake, gasping, still in bed, the morning light unchanged, birds chirping. *It was a nightmare—no mummy, no shower attack, thankfully that means I haven’t molested her either.* His shout had roused Crystal who rushed in, her see-through nightie swaying, lime-green panties peeking out, carrying a tray of peanut butter sandwiches, her face worried. “Richard, you okay?"
Just a bad dream?” He said, catching his breath. Crystal smirked, drawing his attention to the fact that his erection was straining through his pajama bottoms, the fabric tented. Crystal smiled, an accepting smile, eyeing his bulge.
“Sure it was a nightmare? I bet'ya were dreaming about Mandy and Pandy, were they getting you all worked up.”
She winked, setting the tray down, and as she left the room, adding, “Some people have very big dreams.”

Richard flushed, his cock defiantly twitching at her words—*did she just imply that I have a big pecker?*—his heart racing with hope, pride and shame. From the kitchen, Crystal called, “Eat your peanut butter sandwiches, oh and your parents called earlier.”
Richard sat up, wary. “How were they?”
She sighed, “Well maybe it's not my place to say, but your mom sounded doped. Your dad was slurring, guess they are getting on each others nerves.” Richard felt the walls closing in, *only a few days left to be with Crystal, only a few days left to try and make her my woman*.

Chapter 24

Vito's bowling alley announced its existence with a tall, vertical sign cutting into the night sky, the word "BOWL" spelled out in large, illuminated letters, each with a stylized, curved design. Next to that was a large bowling pin with the number "24" and the word "Lanes" attached, glowing brightly. Below the main sign, was a horizontal arrow-shaped sign that read "PARK IN REAR" in neon lettering.
Huck and Clay, the two college jocks, lounged inside of the bowling alley, the clatter of pins and the hum of arcade games filling the air. Broad-shouldered Huck hurled a bowling ball down the lane, but it veered into the gutter with a lackluster thud. He slumped onto a plastic chair, his face dour. “My heart’s just not in it tonight, man,” he told Clay, his voice heavy. “guess, I’m all cut up about Zeke.”
Clay nodded in agreement, tossing a fry from the snack bar.
“Yeah, it ain’t the same without him. Can't believe he's gone, Zeke was the life of the party. If he was here now he'd be dragging us on some crazy shit, like slashing cop car tires, hitting the demolition derby, throwing rocks at that Indian or leading a panty raid.”
Clay grinned at memories of better times, treasured memories of their fallen amigo.
“Speaking of panties, you get any action from Mandy or Pandy yet?”
Huck groaned at the mention of their names, rubbing his neck.
“Nah, man. I dated Mandy, got a titty squeeze out of her, thought it would lead to better things. Then I accidentally asked Pandy out the next week, thinking she was Mandy—same damn face—but she was even more frigid. Those two have been a total drain on my wallet, but not my goddamn balls.”
Clay shushed him, glancing around.
“Keep it down, dude. This is their Uncle Vito’s place. Guy’s overprotective as hell, he'll turn you into tomato puree if he hears you talking like that here”
Huck remained undeterred. “Well, I’m done chasing double trouble.

You know what I'm gonna do tonight, I'm gonna lose my cherry—to Arabella."
Clay's jaw dropped. "Arabella, you mean....the blind whore who lives in the forest?"
Huck nodded, a horny glint in his eye. "Yup."
Clay shook his head, incredulous. "You're crazy, man. For all you know she could be some crazy, dried up old crone, gotta be, living out there in the woods, blind as a bat."
Huck countered, "Older guys in town rave about her—say she's a wild lay. What if she really is hot, and they're keeping her to themselves? I gotta know. If she's butt-ugly, I can always kick her stick away and bolt."
Clay scoffed, "No sense of achievement screwing a whore, man. It's like buying a bowling trophy at the pawn shop and parading it around here like you won it on merit. Don't be put off by Mandy and Pandy holding out on you, try for another cheerleader on the squad."
Huck shrugged, "No man, I need this...I'm going straight from here to Arabella's place, I got directions from that moonshiner, Old Cletus, he said she'd sure as hell make a man of me".
Synchronized laughter erupted behind them, sharp and mocking. Huck spun to see Mandy and Pandy Stoane, their cheerleader skirts swishing as they leaned against a nearby lane. In unison, they taunted,
"Hopeless Huck, needs to pay to fuck!"
Their giggles echoed, their hands on their hips. Huck's face reddened, rage exploding.
"Leave me alone, you pair of wop prickteasers!" he yelled, his voice booming over the pins "I swear I'll ice both of you if you repeat what you just heard". The twins smirked, turning to each other, then faced him, lifting their cheerleader skirts in sync to flash their tight white panties, the fabric hugging their curves, a teasing glimpse of what lay beneath.
"Take a look at what you're never getting into," they laughed.
Clay jumped to Huck's defense, his own temper flaring. "If you opened

your legs as often as your mouths, you'd be a lot more popular with the guys around here!"
The twins laughed, undaunted, their voices merging again. "Clay, Clay, all the girls say he's a lousy lay!"
Huck stood forward, fist clenched, raised to strike, but a bellow cut through the alley. Vito, the twins' hot-headed Italian-American uncle, charged out of the restaurant area, his chef's apron smeared with grease, a meat cleaver gleaming in his hand, his t-shirt emblazoned with "VITO" in bold letters, a chef's hat perched on his head.
"Yo, what ya pair of no good punks think you're doing messing with my girls?" he roared, brandishing the cleaver, bits of pepperoni clinging to the blade. Huck and Clay bolted, the twins' laughter chasing them.
"Vito, Vito, Vito—if he catches them, he'll chop off their meat-o!" they sang in unison, high-fiving as Vito pursued, his face red with Italian fury. Wheezing, his face as red as a tomato, Vito gave up at the bowling alley's entrance, waving the cleaver as the two jocks leapt into their car, tires screeching as they sped off into the night. Unbeknownst to them, an eagle perched atop the bowling alley's sign watched with keen eyes. Big Bill, his soul transferred into the bird, had followed them, seeking red man's vengeance...the same vengeance that had claimed the life of their friend Zeke. With a powerful flap, the eagle took flight, soaring after it's prey, its majestic shape gliding over the road.

Chapter 25

The Stoane twins' bedroom glowed softly under a pink lampshade, the air a mixture of vanilla body spray and hot dog stand. The walls were adorned with posters of Bruce Springsteen and Adele Bertei. Pandy sprawled on one of the two twin beds, her short skirt riding up to reveal the curve of her thighs. Mandy stood before the full-length mirror, twirling a strand of her hair, her olive skin radiant, her cheerleader top tight against her small, pert breasts, the skirt accentuating her hips.
"Like, I'm totally not hogging the mirror, am I," Mandy said, teasing as she struck a pose, her reflection catching the light.
"Want a turn, Pandy?"
Pandy giggled, kicking her feet.
"Nah, I'll just, like, stare at you. We've basically got the same face anyhow, right? Like, total mirror twins!"
Mandy smirked, adjusting her skirt.
"Think we'll be the main stars when they put Big Bill on trial? Like, Matlock-style witnesses, all dramatic and stuff?"
Pandy rolled onto her back, eyes sparkling.
"Oh, totally! We'll be in every gossip mag, super famous! And we're so nailing that Doublemint gum ad we auditioned for!"
Mandy nodded, then shuddered. "Ugh, that dead clown though was, like, so gross though. His pecker just flopping out? Totally nasty."
Pandy's nose wrinkled, her voice small. "Yeah, I really ain't never seen one before. There's so damn ugly. I cried all day in school when they taught us that guys wanna stick those in you, like, constantly when you're married." Mandy snorted, "That's why so many chicks are going nun or, like, full-on feminist these days."
Mandy's tone softened, her eyes locking on Pandy's.
"I've got a crush on someone, you know."
Pandy sat up, alarmed. "Not those losers Huck and Clay, I hope!"
Mandy shook her head, stepping closer. "No way. It's someone I've loved forever, but I'm scared to tell them. I wanna be with them, like,

all the time. It’s tearing me apart, Pandy. I’ve never felt this for anyone else, but I’m afraid I’ll mess it up.”
Pandy leapt off the bed, tears welling, her voice a tremble.
“No one’s coming between us, Mandy! Sisters are, like, closer than anyone!” Mandy cupped Pandy’s face, their foreheads touching, her breath warm. “No one ever will, ‘cause it’s you, Pandy. I’m in love with you.”
Mandy’s lips crashed into Pandy’s, a deep, hungry kiss, her tongue slipping past Pandy’s lips, exploring her mouth with slow, sensual strokes, tasting the faint sweetness of her cherry lip gloss. Their bodies pressed together, cheerleader outfits rustling, Mandy’s hands sliding down Pandy’s back, gripping her ass through the skirt, pulling her closer. When they parted, Pandy’s voice quivered, her eyes glassy with desire.
“I like totally feel the same, Mandy. I’ve been crushing on you forever, but like, should sisters really be doing this?”
"We got but one shot at life, let's take it while we're still not afraid" Mandy claimed "because life is, like, so brief and time is a thief when you're undecided".
"Wow, that's like so deep" exclaimed Pandy.
"It's from a Rod Stewart song" explained Mandy "you can learn so much from watching videos on MTV, especially if you, like, listen to the words as well".
Mandy’s fingers trailed to Pandy’s chest, cupping her breast through the cheerleader top, the small, firm mound warm under the fabric, her nipple stiffening beneath Mandy’s thumb.
Pandy moaned softly, “That makes me, like, so hot inside.”
They tugged off their tops in sync, then unhooked their bras, revealing small, perky breasts, nipples erect in the cool air, pink and sensitive.
Mandy grinned, “Our boobs are, like, cute and pert, not huge like Crystal’s.” Pandy nodded, “Totally, poor Chrissy's got moo cow sized titties, we’re sexy but in a more subtle way.”
Pandy giggled, “Let’s compare bushes!”

They shed their skirts, sliding their white panties to their knees, exposing thick, dark pubic hair, curls dense and wild.
Pandy smirked, “Yours is, like, as bushy as mine!”
Mandy laughed, “Think we'll like have to shave a bit for that Doublemint ad, though, or if we ever get into Playboy.”
They stepped closer, pressing their naked torsos together, the sensation of their pubic hair tangling electric, their hands roaming to grope each other’s breasts, fingers pinching and teasing nipples, eliciting soft gasps. Their bodies ground together, hips rocking, the heat of their vulvas brushing through their matted hair. Mandy guided Pandy to the bed, laying her flat, her sister’s legs parted slightly, revealing the glistening folds of her pussy. Mandy leaned over, licking Pandy’s breasts, her tongue swirling around a nipple, sucking it hard until Pandy arched, moaning loudly. Mandy moved lower, kissing Pandy’s stomach, then buried her face in Pandy’s crotch, parting the thick pubic hair with her fingers, her tongue lapping at Pandy’s wet clit, savoring the musky, tangy taste, her lips sucking gently as Pandy’s hips bucked, a low cry escaping.
“How do I taste?” Pandy gasped, her voice trembling. Mandy lifted her head, licking her lips, “Like, so sweet and wild, totally you. Wanna taste me?, I guess I'll taste the same”
Pandy nodded eagerly, and Mandy straddled her face, her wet pussy rubbing against Pandy’s lips, the sensation of Pandy’s tongue flicking her clit sending shudders through her. Mandy’s orgasm was violent, her body convulsing, juices coating Pandy’s mouth as she screamed, “Oh, God, Pandy!”
They shifted, scissoring, their pussies grinding together, pubic hair meshing in a slick, wet tangle, their fingers slipping into each other’s vaginas, stroking deep, curling against sensitive spots. Their moans synchronized, bodies trembling, breasts bouncing as they thrust, fingers pumping faster, until they reached a simultaneous orgasm, their cries echoing, bodies shaking, juices mingling as they collapsed, panting. The bedroom door creaked open, and they froze, hugging each other

tightly, fearing Uncle Vito's rage. Instead, to their astonishment, Bar-Bar-Rhan stood there, his mummified form looming, blue slime dripping from his mouth, eyes hollow but calm. The twins screamed, clutching each other, but he raised a bandaged hand.
"You have nothing to fear from me," he rasped, his voice ancient. "I apologize for intruding on your carnal passion."
Mandy stammered, "Dude, like, who are you?"
Bar-Bar-Rhan inclined his head. "I am Bar-Bar-Rhan, once I was your king. I remember it all now. In a past life, you were my trusted warriors, twin sisters bound by a love for each other, that made you a valuable asset, ensuring that you would never develop romantic feelings for me, compromising our relationship, nor would you fall for my male opponents and betray me, your desire was a shield against my enemies' charms."
Pandy whispered to Mandy, "That's why we're, like, not into guys, just each other. We were lesbian warriors."
Mandy nodded, awestruck.
Bar-Bar-Rhan continued, "You seduced my foes, slew them in their ecstasy, their souls feeding my power. I am grateful to find you again in this life. Will you kill men for me now, to strengthen my power?"
The twins exchanged a look, their bond unshaken. In unison, they said, "We'll serve you, like, totally."
Their past as deadly seductresses stirred, a purpose reborn.
"A thousand thank yous" said Bar-Bar-Rhan "now continue scissoring, as someone who has been celibate for centuries, the sight pleases me immensely".

Chapter 26

Huck's Buick rumbled through the quiet streets, the engine's growl cutting through the evening air as he pulled up outside The Roxy on the main street of the town. The movie theater's marquee announced a special event: the world premiere of Tourist Death Massacre Part 4, featuring a live personal appearance by local TV horror host Count Freakazoid. Clay, slouched in the passenger seat, grabbed his work bag, his projectionist shift looming.

"Come on, man," Clay said, his voice earnest, "skip that blind whore in the woods. Come to the movies tonight—its a special event, we're showing the latest Tourist Death Massacre movie, with Count Freakazoid in person. It's gonna be wild."

Huck smirked, gripping the wheel, his jock bravado unshaken.

"Nah, Clay. While you're jerking off in your projection room to Hollywood bimbos getting sliced and diced with power tools, I'll be losing my cherry to Arabella. You keep your horror movies—tonight's all about beaver for me." Clay shook his head, climbing out. "You're nuts, man, we only narrowly made it out of that Bowling Alley with our manhoods intact, now you're off for round two of putting your balls in a noose."

Huck gunned the engine, told Clay "later loser" and sped off into the dusk, leaving Clay to unlock the cinema. Perched on the roof of a nearby building, the eagle watched. Big Bill, his soul inhabiting the bird, had overheard their plans, his anger simmering, unforgiving when it came to Huck and Clay.

I'll deal with Clay later, Bill thought, vowing a return to the theater. *For now, Huck's mine.* With a powerful flap, the eagle soared after the Buick, its shadow gliding over the town.

Huck's car wound through the remote woodlands, the road narrowing until he reached Arabella's cabin, a weathered shack nestled among towering pines. The smell of earth was overwhelming, the silence was

eerie, the darkness broken only by a faint light glowing from a window, confirming Arabella the blind whore was home. Huck's heart pounded, his jock confidence faltering as he approached the door. He knocked, then began to hesitate, nerves overtaking him.
This is cotton picking crazy, he thought, turning to leave.
A soft voice called out, "Is someone there?"
Arabella, the blind whore, opened the door, and Huck froze, his breath catching. She was a knockout—tall, statuesque, with long blonde hair cascading over a dirt-streaked white dress, barefoot, her blue eyes sightless but striking, her body curvaceous with full, firm breasts pressing against the fabric. Huck's cock twitched instantly, desire surging.
"Uh, a friend recommended you," he stammered, his voice thick with lust. Arabella the blind whore smiled, her voice warm, calm, almost motherly. "Come in, then, don't want you catching a chill."
Inside, the cabin was sparse—a worn bed with a threadbare quilt, a rusty cooking stove, a table holding a large bottle stuffed with crumpled bills from her clients, the faint smell of moonshine lingering. Huck's nerves spiked, his erection straining against his jeans.
"I'm sorry, I really shouldn't be here," he muttered, turning to leave.
Arabella's hand found his arm, her touch gentle.
"Stay," she said, her fingers tracing his face, feeling his jaw. "You sound young."
Huck swallowed, "I'm a college boy."
"A virgin?" she asked, bluntly.
He lied, puffing his chest, "Nah, I've been with dozens of girls."
Her smile was knowing. "Be yourself, you can drop the tough jock act here, it's okay if your inexperienced."
Huck's shoulders sagged, his voice suddenly small.
"I'm… really nervous."
He pulled a wad of cash from his pocket, and she felt it, nodding.
"That's enough. Put it in the bottle."
He did, the bills clinking, and her smile widened...less at the

accumulation of money and more at the validation of his honesty. She thought it was a testament to the fundamentally decent nature of the town that no one had ever taken advantage of her blindness in order to cheat or steal from her.

Arabella slipped off her white dress, revealing a stunning body—full, heavy breasts with pink nipples, a trim waist, and a thick patch of blonde pubic hair framing her vulva.

“Your turn,” she said, lying on the bed, spreading her legs, her blonde pussy glistening faintly in the dim light. “I promise I won’t peek.”

Huck stripped before sightless eyes, his cock hard and throbbing as he climbed onto her, nervous but eager. She guided his erection with her hands, her fingers warm as she positioned him at her entrance, her wet folds enveloping his tip. He thrust frantically, overcome, but she gripped his hips, “Slow down, relax. Easy, easy, take it slowly.”

Huck obeyed, easing into her, her tight warmth gripping him, her legs wrapping around his waist, pulling him deeper. Their rhythm built, slow and sensual, then faster, more passionate, her moans soft, his cock pulsing inside her, her breasts bouncing with each thrust, her fingers digging into his back as he neared orgasm, his balls tightening—A deafening crash shattered the blissful moment as a grizzly bear burst through the cabin door, its roar shaking the walls, it's demeanor that of a enraged husband who had walked in on his wife committing adultery. Big Bill’s soul had transferred from the eagle into the bear, a new, more lethal instrument of revenge. The bear’s claw slashed across Huck’s back, ripping through skin and muscle, blood redecorating the cabin a shade of crimson. Huck screamed, raising a hand to defend himself, but the bear’s jaws clamped down, biting the hand clean off, the stump gushing blood. Arabella the blind whore, pinned beneath him, shrieked as his warm blood drenched her naked body, soaking her breasts and stomach. The bear yanked Huck off her, hurling him across the room. Huck slammed into a wall, the impact cracking wood, and bounced back toward the bear, which used it's claws to slash his stomach, the wound so deep that Huck's intestines spilled out, glistening loops tumbling to

the floor. Huck collapsed, face down, suddenly aware of his nakedness, gasping, his eyes wide with terror as he looked back at the advancing bear. Arabella the blind whore, could only listen. A sightless audience as the bear mauled Huck, its claws tearing into his flesh, blood pooling around his broken body...but at least he had lost his cherry tonight.

Chapter 27

Detectives Sam Roe and Beau Wade stood amidst the chaos, their notepads out, the air thick with the metallic tang of death. The woodland cabin reeked of blood and pine, the floor slick with gore where Huck's mangled body had lain before being carted to an ambulance outside. Arabella, the blind whore, sat on the blood-soaked bed, distraught, a sheet draped over her naked body to shield her from prying eyes, though it still clung to her curves.

"This has all the hallmarks of a bear attack," Sam said, scratching the porkpie hat on his head, a nervous habit of his. "Probably the one that was reported as escaping from the carnival. I guess we can't pin this one on Big Bill."

Arabella's voice trembled, her sightless blue eyes glistening with tears. "He was so young, just a college boy. It was his first time, you know? I'll never forget him. It feels like part of him's still with me."

She shifted, the sheet slipping slightly, her bare shoulder gleaming. "That bear… there was something strange about it, like it wasn't acting out of wild, animalistic, aggression but that he had a purpose. It only went for him, not me, like it had a vendetta against him."

Beau raised an eyebrow, scribbling a note.

"Vendetta? That's what we said about Zeke's death—that it seemed personal, like something was driving the lawnmower."

Sam nodded, his mind racing, trying to connect the town's bizarre killings.

Roscoe, the town's doctor, shuffled into the cabin, his grey beard matted, his dirty raincoat reeking of antiseptic and whiskey.

"Just given Huck's body the once over in the ambulance," he rasped, scratching his chin. "Doc Roscoe's gut instinct says bear attack, no doubt—claw marks, bite wounds. But, uh, there was something else, don't know quite how to say this fellas, but his body was errmm molested, you following what I'm saying fellas."

Beau's eyes widened. "Is that common, a bear indulging in faggotry?"

Roscoe shook his head, “Nope, never heard of it myself. Think it has any bearing on the case?”
Sam forced a chuckle. “Sure as hell puts me off that camping trip next week.”
As Roscoe spoke, Sam noticed the sheet on Arabella slipping, one full, firm breast spilling free. His breath caught, his eyes lingering—*She’s damn hot stuff, not the tired old whore I thought she'd be.*
Beau noticed too, quickly adjusting the sheet to cover her, shooting Sam a dirty look. Sam shrugged, deflecting.
“We found some perverse stuff in Bill’s basement—a gimp costume, Tom of Finland magazines. Maybe he corrupted that bear, made it queer, then trained it to attack Huck for some twisted reason.”
Beau shrugged, “Wouldn’t know much about bears, Sam. Don't forget, I grew up in Watts—back then it wasn't bears that we feared. My old man was one of the Black Panthers, he used to put me on his knee, look me in the eye and say, ‘Son, never turn your back on a mouthfucking cracker.’”
They both laughed, the tension breaking.
Sam grinned, “Of course folks are less bigoted now, Beau.”
Beau nodded, “Yeah, I credit you with showing me that not all honkies are bastards. I really want to bust this fucking Indian though”.
"Be careful" warned Sam "don't forget this guy is a triple threat...a killer, an Indian and a faggot".
Sam’s attention drifted back to Arabella, the blind whore, her beauty shocking him—*Tall, blonde, curves like that? Could be in Playboy if they ever hired blind women.* He made a mental note to visit her when his wife, Ethel, was out of town, his cock stirring at the thought. As she shifted, her legs parted slightly, and Sam angled himself for a glimpse between her thighs, expecting a flash of her pussy. Instead, his stomach lurched—Huck’s severed penis, bloodied and limp, protruded from her vagina, still lodged inside her from their interrupted encounter.
“Jesus!” Sam yelled, pointing.
Beau, acting on instinct, reached down, his fingers closing around the

severed organ, yanking it free with a wet squelch, blood dripping as he flung it to the floor in disgust, where it landed with a sickening thud. Sam gagged, stumbling to the corner, vomiting onto the blood-soaked floor, the acidic burn in his throat matching the horror in his gut.

Chapter 28

The Roxy's marquee glowed in the evening chill, its bold letters proclaiming the world premiere of Tourist Death Massacre Part 4, a bloody slasher spectacle, supported by a live appearance by local horror host Count Freakazoid. The movie theater was a classic brick building with the words 'THE ROXY' spelled out in a patriotic red, white, and blue color scheme. A line of people queued for tickets outside a glass kiosk. The entrance was framed by glass doors, with Pepsi logos and signs advertising hot popcorn and cold pop. Crystal and Richard approached, clutching complimentary tickets handed out to fans of Freakazoid's late-night TV show. Their excitement palpable despite the controversy stirred by up Mrs. Dworkin, the local schoolteacher who decried the film as demeaning to women. Her protests had backfired—her students gave her moralizing the middle finger by slashing her car tires and draping her house in toilet paper. Crystal had swapped her dark pink top and trousers for a elegant, tight black dress that hugged her curves, and made her look more mature than Richard had ever seen her before. He walked arm-in-arm with her, a victim of his own longing heart.

Under the marquee, a crowd buzzed, young fans mobbing Count Freakazoid, desperate for a look at his blue face makeup, his Dracula-like widow's peak hair, Frankenstein bolts jutting from his neck, his black cape billowing as local TV cameras rolled.

Crystal nudged Richard, grinning, "There's the man himself!"

They approached, introducing themselves. Ignoring Richard, dismissing him with a quick "hope you enjoy the show, kid", Freakazoid's eyes lingered on Crystal, his voice dripping with sleaze.

"If the movie gets too scary, darlin', you can come and sit on my lap. Bounce around enough, and I'm sure you'll bring Frankenstein's monster back to life."

He winked, gesturing to his groin.

Crystal smirked, unfazed, her tone sharp.

“No thanks, creep. I don’t date guys whose nuts are in their neck.”
The fans laughed, and Freakazoid’s grin faltered, his bolts glinting as he turned to another admirer. A commotion erupted as Mandy and Pandy Stoane arrived, each clutching an axe taken from their Uncle Vito’s garage. Bar-Bar-Rhan, his mummified form shrouded in bandages, blue slime visible at his mouth, loomed beside them, an eerie date for the twins, who were now local celebrities after surviving Big Bill’s axe attack. The TV crew swung their cameras from Freakazoid to the trio, reporters clamoring. One shouted, “Great mummy costume, fella!”
Before Bar-Bar-Rhan could speak, the twins chimed in unison.
“We, like, totally made it ourselves! This is our cousin Luigi, from the old country!”
They posed with their axes, hips cocked, drawing cheers.
"We're the killer cheerleaders" they giggled in unison.
Crystal waved, catching their eye, and the twins bounded over, axes in tow, Bar-Bar-Rhan trailing silently.
“Chrissy, you look, like, so hot!” Mandy gushed, Pandy nodding, “Totally gorg!”
Crystal grinned, her eyes locking on Bar-Bar-Rhan, his ancient presence magnetic, immediately stirring her closeted sexual attraction to Egyptian Mummies.
“Who’s this big fella" she asked.
"I am Luigi... apparently...but I prefer my name from the old country...Bar-Bar-Rhan" he replied.
"Has anyone told you that you look so damn hot in that costume” she said her voice sultry, stepping closer, her dress clinging to her hips.
Bar-Bar-Rhan’s hollow eyes softened, his raspy voice low. “I cannot begin to compete with your beauty, my dear, the kind of beauty that men would travel the continents, maybe even the universe to possess. It is truly an honor to be in your presence".
Crystal looked on lovingly, her fingers brushing her hair, a flirtatious glint in her eyes. Her mind raced with forbidden fantasies, of creeping naked into a sacred crypt, of dusty, bandaged hands exploring her

body, of unwrapping an intimate part of a mummy's body... uncovering long forgotten treasures. One question haunted her, would she find him as attractive outside of the costume, she had to know.

“If you’re sticking around town for a while, maybe we could grab a coffee, go on a date some time.”

Her words were bold, her confidence shining, her heart skipped a beat. Richard’s heart simultaneously sank, jealousy burning in his chest, his fantasies of bedding Crystal—her naked body, her bush, her breasts—threatened by this bandaged stranger. His face flushed, his voice tight.

“Hey Chrissy, we don’t wanna miss the start of the movie.”

He grabbed her arm, practically dragging her toward the movie theater entrance, her heels clicking as she shot Bar-Bar-Rhan a lingering glance. Inside, the lobby buzzed with horror fans, posters of tourists meeting violent fates plastering the walls, but Richard's mind churned—*She’s mine, not his.* Bar-Bar-Rhan watched them go, his ancient soul stirring, sensing a rival in Richard, while Mandy and Pandy stood by his side, reincarnated lesbian warriors willing to kill for their mummy king.

Chapter 29

Clay leaned back in the projection room, the flickering light of Tourist Death Massacre Part 4 casting shadows through the booth window. Onscreen, a naked co-ed was being mounted by her boyfriend, her full breasts bouncing underneath him, their moans cut short when “The Butcher,” his face hidden by a potato sack mask, burst into their tent, wielding a pneumatic drill. The drill roared, plunging into the boyfriend’s back, blood spraying, then through the co-ed’s stomach, her screams fading as gore splattered the tent walls—all before the opening credits rolled. Clay grinned, muttering, “Hell of a start,” his eyes glued to the screen, the cinema below packed with fans cheering for The Butcher. A sharp knock on the projection room door broke his focus.

“Goddamn it,” Clay cursed under his breath, not wanting to be disturbed. He yanked open the door, finding Mandy and Pandy Stoane.

“Like, hi, Clay!” they chimed in unison.

Unimpressed, Clay snapped, “What do you twin twats want?”

Mandy pouted, “We just, like, wanna see the projection room!” Pandy nodded, “Totally curious!”

Clay crossed his arms, recalling their taunts at Vito’s bowling alley. “Why should Clay, Clay, all the girls say he's a lousy lay do shit for you after what you said to me and Huck?”

The twins exchanged a look, then Mandy said, “We were mad at Huck, not you. We, like, didn’t wanna say it with him around, but…” Pandy finished, “We both have a crush on you, Clay.”

Their voices were coy, their eyes teasing. Clay’s skepticism wavered, his ego stroked. “Fine, get in.”

He ushered them inside, locking the door behind them, the hum of the projector filling the cramped, dusty room. He gestured lazily at the equipment—reels, film cans, the tired old chair he slumped into. “There’s your tour. What’re you gonna do for me in return?”

The twins giggled, their voices syncing, “We, like, totally wanna lose our

cherries to you—both at the same time."
Clay's jaw dropped as they began to strip, peeling off tops to reveal perfectly pert breasts, nipples hardening in the cool air. Their skirts slid down, then their panties, exposing thick, dark, curly bushes, their vulvas glistening faintly in the projector's glow. Clay, still in the chair, yanked off his shirt and jeans, his cock springing free, hard and throbbing.
"No way you twin twats are leaving this place as virgins," he growled, his arousal spiking.
Pandy sauntered behind him, her fingers brushing his shoulders as she poked at a film can, opening it and unraveling a reel, playing with the strip like a toy. Mandy dropped to her knees before Clay, her hands gripping his thighs, her lips closing around his cock, her tongue swirling over the tip. Clay groaned, leaning his head back, pleasure coursing through him. "Funny," he panted, "Huck's out there paying a blind whore for a screw, while I'm getting free action from the two chicks he's been chasing for weeks." Mandy's mouth worked faster, sucking deeply, her lips tight around his shaft, her tongue flicking the sensitive underside as Clay's hips twitched. Without warning, Pandy looped the strip of film around Clay's neck from behind, yanking it tight, the celluloid cutting into his throat. He gasped, choking, his hands clawing at the reel, but Mandy grabbed his wrists, pinning them to the chair, her strength surprising.
"What the fu—" Clay rasped, his voice cut off as Pandy tightened the reel, his face reddening, veins bulging. The projection room door burst open, and Bar-Bar-Rhan stormed in, his mummified form towering. In each hand, he clutched an axe from Vito's garage, their blades gleaming. Mandy and Pandy stepped back, their naked bodies slick with sweat. Bar-Bar-Rhan swung both axes in a single, brutal motion, chopping off Clay's arms at the shoulders, blood spraying in twin arcs, soaking the twins' breasts and bushes. Clay screamed, his stumps gushing, his body slumping. Bar-Bar-Rhan dropped the axes, his bandaged hands seizing Clay's head, fingers digging into his scalp. With

a sickening rip, he tore Clay's skull open, yanking out his brain, the grey mass glistening with blood as Clay's body collapsed, lifeless, in the chair.

Chapter 30

Old Crappy sat in the dim glow of The Roxy's kiosk, his gnarled hands sliding tickets across the counter with practiced ease. At sixty-eight, he was a fixture at the Theater, working three days a week to keep the boredom of semi-retirement at bay. The kids called him Old Crappy, a nickname born from the injury he'd carried since Pearl Harbor, where a piece of shrapnel tore through him in '41. The wound never healed right, leaving him with an ailment that earned him the cruel moniker. He didn't mind. It suited him, he figured, for a life as battered as his. His mind wandered as he waited for the next customer. Pearl Harbor flashed vivid—screams, smoke, the chaos of ships burning. He was nineteen, just a skinny Navy kid, hauling ammo when the blast got him. He survived, though, unlike so many others. Towards the end of WW2 they sent him to Japan, a place that haunted him still: shattered buildings, ghostly scars on the earth, people melted into the sidewalks, the air heavy with death. Then he remembered November '63, when a crackling radio announced JFK's assassination, he remembered laughing, he'd always preferred Nixon. Ever since the sixties, he'd felt a cold at the world unraveling—hippies with their peace signs and drugs, blacks demanding equal rights, women burning their bras, demanding rights they didn't need. He'd scowl at the memory of their protests, their loud voices grating against his sense of order. Men fought wars, he thought; women should know their place. Old Crappy had seen lots of change over the years, little of it he considered good. The job at The Roxy was fine, though, but the movies? Trash. All bad manners, violence and cursing, nothing like the clean Westerns of his youth. He'd mutter about it under his breath, shaking his head at the posters plastered with blood and half-naked stars. His thoughts drifted to Berta. His wife of thirty years, *that bitch*, always in his way. The hunting trip in '81 was his escape. One shot, clean through her chest, her body crumpling in the Montana woods. He'd played it perfectly—crocodile tears, panic, a story about a stray hunter's bullet. That dumb sheriff

bought it...Old Crappy celebrated by driving to Vegas to see a Wayne Newton concert, *what an entertainer that guy was, so talented*. Now Berta was a worm feast and he was free. The years since were his best. Bowling at Vito's on Tuesdays, fishing the creek on weekends, beers with the boys, and the occasional night with Arabella, the blind whore, she was even better than those French dames in WW2. *The simple things in life. Simple pleasures, no one to answer to.* He chuckled to himself, lost in the memory of his unpunished crime. Then a massive grizzly bear, eyes wild, smashed through kiosk in a shower of glass. The beast roared, its claws raking the air. Old Crappy's scream was cut short as the bear's jaws closed around him, tearing through flesh and bone.

Chapter 31

The theater buzzed with a packed audience, Tourist Death Massacre Part 4 flickered across the screen, its gore-soaked hi-jinks drawing gasps and cheers. Onscreen, a comic relief, overweight frat boy clutched a stolen pair of lacy panties. He paused to sniff them with a goofy grin, only for “The Butcher,” his deformed features hidden by a potato sack mask, to leap from behind a tree. With a brutal thrust, he rammed a kitchen whisk through the frat boy’s eye, the metal piercing his skull, emerging from the back of his head in a spray of blood and brain matter. The audience erupted, whooping and hollering, beer cans raised in approval. Crystal and Richard sat in the back row, the dim light casting shadows over her tight black dress, which clung to her curves, her breasts straining against the fabric.

Richard leaned close.

“Back row’s the best, huh? No neck cramps from looking up.”

Crystal nodded, her eyes on the screen,

“For sure, can't stand being on the front row, a headache waiting to happen.”

The film shifted to a steamy scene: a couple making love in the woods, the camera zooming in on the woman’s bare foot brushing the man’s thrusting buttocks, his muscles flexing as he pumped into her. His hand caressed her thigh, their bodies slick with sweat, the camera lingering on close-ups of his ass, drawing boos from male audience members.

"Total fag director" claimed one.

“Show the tits!” one yelled, and the crowd cheered as the woman’s full breasts appeared in view, her nipples hard, their panting heavy.

Whispers rippled through the audience—“They’re totally doing it for real!, must have got carried away”—the explicitness fueling speculation.

Richard’s mind drifted, imagining him and Crystal as the two hikers in the movie, lost in passion, ignoring warnings about The Butcher. In his fantasy, they tore off their clothes, her lime-green panties tossed aside,

her breasts pressed against his chest, their moans echoing in the forest. His fantasy shattered as the onscreen couple was flattened by a bulldozer driven by The Butcher, their bodies crushed into a bloody pulp, bones crunching. A female audience member gagged loudly, her boyfriend attempted a show of solidarity by yelling, “This film’s a piece of shit!”

Beer cans flew toward him, one smacking his shoulder, as others shouted, “Half a man!" and "Go fuck a Disney movie, you pussy!” Crystal chuckled, but Richard barely noticed, his eyes fixed on her. His heart ached—his parents, Drucilla doped on pills and Abraham slurring drunk, were due back late tonight or tomorrow morning... depending on if Abraham was sober enough to drive.

This is my last chance, he thought, his longing to confess his love, to make love to her, burning in his gut. He leaned to kiss her, his lips hovering, but chickened out, his courage faltering. Crystal noticed movement from him, “Getting scared by the movie?” she asked. Richard shook his head, “Nah,” but she grabbed his hand anyway, squeezing it for reassurance, her touch warm. His eyes traced her dress, the fabric so tight it outlined her breasts, their full curves begging to be touched.

If I squeeze them, I’ll know how she feels, he thought, imagining cupping her tits. *We’ll either make out right here or she’ll freak...this is it, I have to know.* The idea felt too crude, too risky, too disrespectful. Instead, he fixated on her ear, delicate and exposed, her hair tucked behind it.

I’ll lick it, he decided, leaning closer, his mouth opening, tongue extending toward her earlobe, inches away from tasting her skin—then screams erupted from the front row, followed by a bone-chilling roar—a grizzly bear’s, raw and primal.

Chapter 32

The carnage of Tourist Death Massacre Part 4 that blared onscreen, was ignored as the grizzly bear lumbered around the front row, its massive form casting a shadow over the seats. Its eyes glinted with unnatural intent, sizing up each face in the crowd, like a feared schoolteacher addressing an unruly class. A redneck wearing a cowboy hat yelled, "What the actual fuck?" his voice cracking with disbelief.
"This some cheesy gimmick for the movie?" his date scoffed, tossing her popcorn, "Gotta be some cinema employee in a bear costume, trying to scare us!"
The crowd, emboldened, jeered, hurling beer cans and popcorn at the beast, their shouts echoing.
"I bet it's that jerk-off Clay in there!" a teen hollered, laughing. The mention of Clay's name sent the bear into a frenzy, its roar shaking the theater, saliva dripping from its jaws.
Big Bill, his soul inhabiting the bear, felt his control slipping. Unlike the eagle, where his dominance was absolute, the bear was a wild force, like riding a bucking bronco, its primal instincts fighting his will.
Where's that damn Clay? I hate you white man!!! Bill thought, his vengeance burning, unaware that Clay lay dead in the projection room, his arms severed, brain ripped out, a victim of Bar-Bar-Rhan and the Stoane twins. Scanning the crowd, Bill's gaze locked on Crystal in the back row. *Her*, he seethed, *if it wasn't for Virgil's infatuation with that airhead he'd still be alive, I wouldn't have had to dump his remains and wouldn't have become a wanted man.*
The bear charged, its claws slashing through seats, catching a screaming man's arm, tearing it off in a spray of blood. Another swipe severed a woman's head, her body slumping as the crowd panicked, chairs toppling, screams drowning out the film's gore. Crystal and Richard bolted, her hand gripping his as they pushed through the fleeing, terrified audience toward the exit doors. The bear roared, knocking down patrons, crushing others under its massive paws, blood drenching

the carpet. Crystal and Richard burst into the foyer, the bear in hot pursuit, its bulk splintering the doors as it barreled after them. Then they were out of the front doors, Crystal's heels clicked across the main street, Richard panting beside her, his heart pounding. They reached the opposite sidewalk, turned round to see the bear charging across the road, its eyes fixed on Crystal. Headlights distracted the bear, it froze, looked left, it's massive form illuminated as a car sped toward it. The car attempted to swerve, but too late, it struck the bear with a sickening crunch. The beast landed on the hood, its claws gouging metal, and the car careened through the window of the department store next to the cinema, glass shattering. A deafening explosion followed, flames erupting, engulfing the car and bear in a fiery inferno. The orange glow of the fire reflected on the police car as it screeched to a halt. Detectives Sam Roe and Beau Wade leapt out. Sam clutching a shotgun, rushed to Crystal and Richard.
"You kids okay?" he asked as he guided them away from the blaze. Beau approached the burning wreckage, hoping to rescue the couple inside, but the flames roared too fiercely, forcing him back. As Beau turned, walking toward Sam, Crystal and Richard, the bear emerged from the department store, its fur ablaze, the snarling furball was now a fireball that was charging at Beau.
Sam shouted, "Beau, get down!"
Beau dropped, and Sam fired, the shotgun blast tearing into the bear, blowing it back into the flames where it collapsed, dead, its roars silenced. Sam couldn't help telling Beau "I guess your daddy forgot to warn you to never turn your back on a motherfucking bear either". They both laughed.
Richard, trembling, stared at the carnage, his eyes catching the license plate on the burning car—it belonged to his parents.

Deep in the woodlands, far from the smoldering wreckage of the department store, Big Bill's lifeless body slumped against a gnarled oak. The medallion, once the conduit for his soul's transfer into a

lawnmower, then an eagle and then a grizzly bear, lay dull in the dirt beside him, its magic spent. With his soul extinguished by the bear's fiery demise, Bill's physical form began to unravel, a grotesque testament to the unnatural forces that had consumed him. A low gurgle broke the forest's silence as blue slime, thick and viscous, oozed from Bill's slack mouth, pooling in the hollow of his throat, its acrid stench mingling with the pine-scented air. His ears twitched, then erupted, blood spurting in crimson arcs, accompanied by wisps of black smoke curling upward, as if his very essence was burning away. His eyes, wide and unseeing, bulged grotesquely, the pupils dilating until they burst, gelatinous fluid spraying outward, splattering the tree trunk. Veins pulsed violently across his forehead, throbbing like living cords under his skin, the pressure building until his skull could no longer contain it. With a sickening crack, his head exploded, bone fragments and grey matter scattering across the forest floor, blood and slime raining down, coating the leaves in a macabre sheen.

Chapter 33

The atmosphere in the house of Richard's parents was heavy with grief. Richard sat on the couch, his face pale, eyes red from crying over the deaths of his parents, Abraham and Drucilla, incinerated in the car crash. Beneath his sorrow, guilt gnawed at him—he had secretly wished over and over for a car crash to kill them, freeing him to be with Crystal. He'd now got that freedom, but at a terrible price. Crystal stood nearby, her tight black dress from the movie premiere swapped for a loose sweater and jeans. Detectives Sam Roe and Beau Wade stood by the fireplace.

Beau glanced at Crystal, his tone gentle. "You Richard's sister?"

Crystal shook her head, her voice soft but firm. "No, but from now on, I'm gonna be the best big sister he's ever had."

She sat next to Richard, wrapping her arms around him, pulling him close, his face pressed against her bosom, her breasts soft and warm through the sweater, a fleeting comfort that stirred his longing despite his grief. Richard's cheeks flushed, his fantasies of her naked body—her bush, her breasts—clashing with his guilt and loss.

Sam cleared his throat, his mustache twitching. "Tough break, kid. Your parents dying in a car crash, and so soon after your best friend got carved up with a chainsaw."

His words, meant to console, landed heavily. Sam exchanged a look with Beau, then turned to Crystal.

"Best you two stay here for now," Sam said. "We'll have cops keep a regular lookout on the house, just in case Big Bill's still out there."

Crystal frowned, her arms still around Richard.

"Why would Bill be after us?"

Sam hesitated, then explained, "Your name's come up a lot in our investigation. We leaned on some students at the college where Bill worked as a janitor. They cracked, admitted he drilled a peephole into your room in the girls' dorm."

Crystal's eyes widened, her face paling.

Beau nodded, his voice grim. “Bill was charging guys—mostly jocks—to watch you undress. They said you danced naked to rock music in there.” Sam added, “Sounds like most of the college has seen you in the buff, Crystal. You’re a big hit with the boys.”
Crystal's hands dropped from Richard, her body trembling as she hugged herself, her voice breaking.
“How could someone do that to me? It makes me feel so… unclean, so cheap. Those bastards invaded my privacy, intruded on moments that should have been mine alone.”
Her eyes glistened, her vulnerability raw. “I feel like their eyes are still watching me, like I’ll never trust anyone again.”
Richard reached to put an arm around her, his heart aching to comfort her, but she brushed him off sharply.
“Don’t touch me,” she snapped, stepping back, her arms tightening around herself. Richard’s hand fell, his longing crushed, his guilt deepening. Sam and Beau exchanged a glance, sensing the tension.
“We’ll leave you to it,” Sam said, tipping his porkpie hat.
As they walked to their police car, Sam muttered, “Wish I’d had a big sister like that.”
Beau shot him a dirty look, his mustache twitching.
“Oh, come on,” Sam grinned, “that girl could win every wet t-shirt contest in the state.”
Beau shook his head, recalling, “The way she held that kid Richard, it looked like he was about to be suckled.”
Sam chuckled, climbing into the driver’s seat. “We’re not splitting yet. Let’s hang around, keep an eye on the house.”
He pulled out a bag of peanut butter sandwiches, his wife Ethel’s handiwork, and offered one to Beau.
“Sounds like Ethel’s a real good woman,” Beau said, taking a bite.
Sam nodded, “its our thirty-year anniversary this Wednesday. I'm taking her to Vito’s bowling alley for a treat.”
Beau smirked.
“Don't you be getting jealous, you’ll find a soulmate one day" Sam said.

“As long as she’s a soul sister,” Beau joked, their laughter easing the grim day.

Chapter 34

Richard lay curled in a fetal position on the couch, tears streaming down his face, his voice a broken whisper.
“I’ve lost them all… Mom, Dad, and now you, Chrissy.”
Crystal, for all of her own anger and current sense of violation, felt a pang of pity.
The poor kid just lost his parents, she thought, guilt prickling for snapping at him earlier. *I shouldn’t take my frustrations out on him*.
She sat beside him, pulling him into a cuddle, her arms wrapping tightly around him, his head resting against her chest.
“You haven’t lost me, Richard,” she murmured, her voice soft, her warmth a fleeting comfort against his sorrow. Richard’s hands settled on her midsection, a gesture she didn’t mind, until, to her horror, they slid under her sweater, creeping upward. His fingers found her breasts, bare beneath the fabric, squeezing their soft weight, his thumbs brushing her nipples, trying to coax them to harden. Crystal leapt up, shoving him away, her voice sharp with shock.
“Richard, what the hell did you do that for? What the fuck are you thinking?” Richard stood, his eyes wild, an erection straining against his pants.
“I love you, Chrissy. I want to be with you. I’ve loved you ever since I saw you through that peephole.”
Crystal’s face paled, her stomach churning.
“You were one of those bastards who watched me? How could you Richard, you goddamn dirty bastard?”
Richard stepped closer, his voice desperate, unhinged.
“I’ve wanted to touch you there forever. It was all meant to be. Now my parents are dead, we can live as man and wife.”
Crystal recoiled, her voice venomous. “I hate you, fucking pervert.”
Richard lunged, grabbing her shoulders, shoving her against the mantelpiece, the wood digging into her back.
“No, Chrissy, I want you. We were meant to grow old together,” he

growled, tearing at her sweater, ripping it open to expose her full breasts, their curves bouncing as he buried his face in them, his lips grazing her skin, his breath hot against her nipples. Crystal's hand found a potted plant on the mantel, and with a cry, she smashed it over his head, ceramic shattering, dirt spilling. Richard crumpled to the floor, unconscious, blood trickling from his scalp. Crystal screamed, bolting out the front door, her torn sweater flapping, her breasts exposed as she ran down the lane, her bare skin catching the morning light. She vanished into the nearby woodlands, her sobs echoing.

Sam Roe and Beau Wade leapt from their police car, discarding their peanut butter sandwiches. Sam's eyes lingering leeringly on Crystal's bouncing breasts as she fled.

"I'll go after her," Sam said, shotgun in hand, his voice tinged with unprofessional interest. "You check the house, Beau. Be careful—Big Bill might be back."

Beau nodded, entering the house, finding Richard groaning, regaining consciousness on the floor, dirt and blood smeared across his face. Beau lifted Richard to his feet, his tone firm but concerned.

"What happened, kid?"

Richard, thinking quickly, lied. "After you left, she started shouting. The peephole thing got to her more than we thought. She hit me with the plant pot, started raving that since everyone's seen her nude, she might as well tear her clothes off and run around the neighborhood naked."

Beau frowned. "Where's the phone? She needs help."

Richard pointed, "On the wall in the kitchen."

Beau turned his back, dialing for an ambulance. Richard, his eyes dark with obsession, muttered, "No, no one can take her away from me. We're meant to be together, meant to grow old together."

Beau, focused on the call, didn't hear, responding absently, "Say what?".

Richard yanked open a kitchen drawer, pulling out a meat cleaver, its blade glinting. As Beau spoke into the phone, Richard swung, burying the cleaver into the back of Beau's head with a sickening crunch,

splitting his skull, blood and brain matter spraying across the wall. Beau collapsed, dead, his father's warning echoing in his final moments:
"Son, never turn your back on a motherfucking cracker."
Failure to take heed of that advice has just cost Detective Beau Wade his life.

Chapter 35

Crystal stumbled through the woodlands, her sobs echoing in the morning mist, her hands clutching her torn sweater to cover her exposed breasts, the fabric ripped by Richard's sexual assault. The sting of his betrayal cut deeper than the cold. A man's pained cry pierced the silence, sharp and raw.

"Richard is that you?" she called, her voice trembling, but no answer came. Heart racing, she darted behind a gnarled tree, peering into the shadows, seeing nothing. Alone, she sank against the trunk, tears streaming. "He spied on me, he touched me… how could he do this to me?".

A rasping voice broke through. "I hate to see you cry."

Crystal gasped, spinning to find Bar-Bar-Rhan, his mummified form looming, hollow eyes soft with concern.

"Who are you, really?" she demanded, her voice raw. "I've has enough of men's lies and secrets."

Bar-Bar-Rhan stepped closer, bandages rustling.

"The real question is, who are you? Think back, Crystal—to another time, another land, another life, when you were known as Chriseis."

She closed her eyes, her mind swirling, visions flooded in: of ancient Egypt, of sun-baked sands, of herself as a lowly servant girl, her heart pounding under the gaze of a strikingly handsome Bar-Bar-Rhan, his muscular frame gleaming, piercing eyes locked on hers. They walked the desert, hand in hand, then fell together, making love as hot sand stung their naked bodies, his strong hands gripping her thighs, her breasts pressed against his chest, and he thrust into her, their passion a forbidden fire, his seed a forbidden gift. Then the visions darkened: the hands of Bar-Bar-Rhan's followers seized them, accusing him of betrayal, of offending the gods by loving a servant girl. Crystal saw Mandy and Pandy, in warrior garb, wielding swords, slashing Bar-Bar-Rhan's captors with fierce precision before being overpowered, beaten

to death, their blood soaking the sand. Then she saw Bar-Bar-Rhan being mummified alive, his screams muffled by bandages. Then his followers turned on her, tearing her clothes, exposing her breasts and bush, using her body repeatedly, their hands brutal, before stoning her to death, rocks crushing her skull. Crystal's eyes snapped open, tears falling.
"The same thing happened here," she choked, clutching her sweater. "Men leered, molested, mistreated me."
She stepped toward Bar-Bar-Rhan, pleading, "Take me away from here."
He nodded, his voice tender. "I will do anything for you, my true love. But we must hurry—already I have had to subdue one who would impede us."

They trekked through the woods, walking hand in hand, very much in love. Crystal knew then that she had found the one, that older, mature man who would dedicate the rest of his life to making her happy, who would make her his eternal muse, and Crystal knew that there would never be another for her other than the man who walked beside her...her mentor, her best friend, her lover. *I guess I know now*, Crystal thought, *what it must feel like to be Bo Derek*.
They emerged at a lake that lead to the sea, a small boat bobbing by the shore. Mandy and Pandy stood nearby, axes in hand. Pandy was watching Mandy who was chopping up the body of the boat's owner, his limbs hacked apart, his head severed.
Pandy waved, "Like, oh my gawd, Chrissy! We totally scored this boat for you and your yummy mummy!" Mandy twirled her axe, giggling, "Fer sure, we're, like, so clutch! Chopped this dude up to get you two on your way, like no biggie".
Bar-Bar-Rhan raised his hand. "You have served me as faithfully in this life as in our shared past, my lesbian warriors. I grant you freedom from my servitude—for riches await you in this life."
The twins squealed, high-fiving.

“Oh my gawd, we’re gonna be, like, totes famous!” Mandy chirped.
“Like, cover of The National Enquirer, duh!” Pandy added, “And starring in Tourist Death Massacre Part 5! We’ll be opening, like, major shopping malls, strutting in our heels, signing autographs, the works!”
They turned to Crystal, hugging her tightly, their hands brushing her torn sweater. “Chrissy, you’re, like, our total BFF,” Mandy said, pouting.
“We’re gonna miss you, like, so much!” Pandy nodded, “Totes! Send us a postcard from Egypt, ‘kay? You and Bar-Bar-Rhan are, like, the cutest couple, all ancient and lovey-dovey!”
They giggled, waving their axes. “Don’t forget to write, babe! We want all the deets on your desert romance!”.

Chapter 36

Richard crashed through the woodlands like a wild animal, snapping twigs, his heart pounding with desperation to reclaim Crystal, her rejection and flight from his sexual assault fueling his madness. He stumbled upon Detective Sam Roe sprawled on the forest floor, rubbing the back of his head, his porkpie hat lying in the dirt.
“Sam, what happened?” Richard asked, kneeling, his voice urgent.
Sam winced, his voice groggy. “I was chasing Crystal when—wham—someone slugged me from behind, felt like they were wearing a boxing glove.” He squinted, shaking his head, “Or maybe I just had a bad peanut butter sandwich, who knows?”
Sam groped for his shotgun, missing from his side.
Richard stood, eyes wild. “I’m going after her.”
Sam nodded, “I’ll catch up, kid. Just gotta find my gun.”
Richard sprinted through the forest, branches clawing at his clothes, his pulse hammering. He broke through the tree line at the lake’s edge, the water shimmering under the late morning sun. Mandy and Pandy stood by the shore, two axes were embedded in the ground, blades stained with blood. The twins waved at a boat drifting toward the sea.
“Like, totes bon voyage, Chrissy!” Mandy squealed, twirling her hair.
“Get that Egyptian vacay, girl, you’re, like, so gonna slay!” Pandy added, blowing kisses.
Richard's gaze followed, landing on the boat’s deck, where Crystal, stark naked, straddled Bar-Bar-Rhan. Her full breasts bounced as she rode him, thighs trembling, his bandaged hands gripping her hips, sliding over her sweat-slicked thighs as she thrashed, her moans carrying across the water.
“Crystal, Nooooo!” Richard screamed, his voice breaking, pleading for her return, but the boat was too far, her ecstasy drowning him out.
Rage consumed him, and he turned on the twins, face red. “You bitches helped them escape! You let that mummy freak steal my girl!”
Mandy and Pandy smirked, their voices dripping with mockery.

“Oh my gawd, Richard, you’re, like, such a loser!” Mandy taunted, tossing her hair. “Yeah, total dweeb with, like, a teensy little dick!” Pandy giggled, their hands on hips. “Like, no wonder Chrissy ditched you for a real man!” They high-fived, chanting, “Loser, loser, tiny pecker loser!”

Richard's vision blurred with fury. He yanked an axe from the ground, raising it above his head, the blade gleaming as he stepped toward them, murder in his eyes. A shotgun blast tore through the air, and Richard’s body jerked, blood spraying from his chest as he collapsed, the axe falling from his dead hands.

Sam Roe emerged from the trees, shotgun smoking, his face grim but steady. Mandy and Pandy squealed, rushing to him, as the boat sailed into the distance, a detail lost on Sam.

“Oh my gawd, Sam, you’re, like, our total knight in shining armor!” Mandy gushed, batting her lashes, pressing her chest against his arm. Pandy giggled, twirling a strand of hair, her hip brushing his. “Fer sure, you’re, like, so studly, saving our cute little butts! Sam, Sam, you’re, like, the man!” Their giggles echoed, their hands lingering on his shoulders, fingers tracing his jacket playfully.

“We were, like, totes just chatting with our BFF Wes, the boat owner guy, when Richard went, like, psycho and chopped him up with that axe!” Mandy said, pouting for effect. Pandy nodded, fluttering her eyes, “And, oh my gawd, he totally confessed to axing Clay, the projectionist, too! What a creep!”

Sam scribbled in his notepad, buying their story. “You two are gonna be huge after this—twin survivors of two axe murderers. The press will be all over you.”

The twins squealed, high-fiving, their excitement bubbling.

“Like, totes iconic!” Mandy chirped, striking a pose. “We’re gonna be, like, red-carpet queens, the whole deal!” Pandy added, winking at Sam. “And, like, maybe we’ll invite you to our big premiere party, Sammy, if you’re, like, down for some fun!”

They giggled. Sam smirked, his mustache twitching, eyes lingering on

their curves. “Easy, ladies, remember there's only one of me, and two of you,” he said, but his grin betrayed a flicker of interest. They leaned closer, repeatedly kissing him on the cheeks, hugging him, their voices syncing in a teasing chant, “Sam, Sam, you’re our loverman!”. But over Sam's shoulders the eyes of both girls were locked in the direction of the bloody axes.

THE END